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THE SLAV AND HIS FUTURE.

It has become customary of late years to look upon the Slav as something so essentially extra-European, that it comes almost as a shock when, upon examining him more closely, we discover that he is, after all, but part and parcel of the same family to which the majority of European nations appertain. In his language there is really nothing strange to the Western ear, and the student accustomed to looking at various tongues from a philological point of view is immediately struck by the close relationship evident between the numerous Slavonic languages and other branches of the Indo-European stock. Familiar sounds and words at once strike his ear, and he is delighted at recognizing, under a very thin veil of disguise, verbal terminations and inflexions already familiar to him through Latin and Greek.

If the language of the Slav is not foreign to us, even less so are his physical characteristics. We meet with the same fair hair, the same fresh complexion, the same clear, light-blue eyes which we have been wont to set down as peculiarly Teutonic, and by the time we have made out all these features of similitude, a great deal of the original

feeling of strangeness has worn off, and we are prepared, as far as externals go, to accept the Slav for our kinsman. When we have learned a little more of the working of his soul perhaps we shall not have quite such a brotherly feeling towards him.

For over a thousand years the Slav, under varying styles and titles, has peopled the whole of Europe east of the Elbe River. A very great proportion of that country he may very well look upon as quite his own; over the rest he forms a very considerable percentage of the population. All about the Central and Lower Danubian basin he is scattered especially thick, and forms decidedly the preponderant element.

In point of language the Slav falls into three natural divisions, the Southern, the Central, and the Northern. In character he displays very slight diversity, and the Slav from the extreme South would on most subjects find himself in complete sentimental harmony with his Northern brother. His chief feature is an over-sensitive, frequently over-sentimental, mind, easily prone to rhapsodic vagaries, alternating with fits of the profoundest melan-

choly. Much of this is reflected in Slav music, and nothing can equal the inexpressible depths of despondency of some of their folk-songs in the minor key. From these crises of despair they burst, without the slightest warning, into the most extravagant hallali. For the rest of his character the Slav is stamped rather with subtlety and cunning than with real intelligence. He seems to prefer attaining his end by ruse and craft rather than by open and straightforward means. The same inequality, the same unevenness, the same extremes which characterize the emotions of the Slav, have also set their mark upon his education. If he is of the upper class, be he Russian, Pole, Servian, or Bulgarian, we shall find him over-educated. His mind is overloaded with instruction, and this defect is shared even by the women, who devote themselves with enthusiasm to study, and often take up a prominent position in the learned professions. The number of women doctors who are Polish and Russian is greater than that of any other nationality.

In his intellectual pursuits the Slav enjoys the advantage of being an excellent linguist, and here we may be pardoned a momentary digression. It has frequently been supposed that the Slav owes his talent for languages in no small part to the difficulties with which his own tongue bristles. This theory is distinctly erroneous. No Slav language can be difficult. It is only the old languages which have for centuries been the vehicles for every kind of thought that can finally attain that degree of subtlety and *finesse* which render English, German, and French especially, so exceedingly difficult. A language which has never, or has only for some few decades, been a literary medium, must inevitably be exceedingly simple. Extensive vocabulary Slav languages may boast, but this is the cri-

terion of linguistic poverty. French and Greek, probably the most perfect instruments of human thought, are comparatively indigent in word-forms. Whence the Slav really draws his linguistic talent is from his polyglot surroundings. In the events of everyday life, he may be called upon to employ half a dozen independent tongues. His household will certainly contain servants speaking several dialects, and in Russia he will very probably have Tartar domestics as well. French and German are essential to social intercourse, and the Slav is absolutely dependent on foreign literature to compensate for the deficiencies of his own. To the Slav, therefore, the knowledge of languages is an immense stimulus to wide reading, and the necessity of reading is an equally potent motive for the acquisition of languages. Thus it frequently happens that a Russian is quite as familiar, if not more familiar, than we are ourselves, with the works of our latter-day philosophers. It would probably be no exaggeration to say that the writings of Herbert Spencer are quite as well known in Russia as they are at home.

But to return to our theme. If the upper class of Slav countries suffers from superabundant intellectuality, the lower class compensates for this by an equally exaggerated extent of ignorance. Among the peasant class there is no intellectual activity whatever. And here, in speaking of the upper and lower class, we have set our finger on the great besetting sore of all Slav countries. The country of the Slav is no country in which to seek the mean, either emotional, intellectual, or social. His is the land of extremes. There is no *bourgeoisie* proper in Slav countries.

The one immense drawback of the Slav is that he must be either peasant or noble. The middle class does not exist, or is only very slowly beginning

to exist. As far as the great majority of its members is concerned, a Slav population consists of an agricultural peasantry attached to the soil. The peasants, who have but lately emerged from a condition of serfdom, rarely possess the freeholds of their lands, and have been little benefited by the exchange of a servile for a free position. They are still dependent upon a not very numerous and not very wealthy nobility, the land-holders. Rural life is the hall-mark of Slav countries. Urban life is very poorly developed, owing to the want of a *bourgeoisie*.

In Slav countries, as an indigenous *bourgeoisie* does not exist, the whole of the commercial movement is monopolized by the foreigner or by the Jew. We at once see why the Jewish population of Europe gravitates to the East, and repressive measures against Jews in those countries can only result in the stagnation and paralysis of commerce, unless the exiled Jews are immediately replaced by foreigners. Any one who has travelled in North Hungary, where the social distinction is between a Slav peasantry and an Hungarian landed nobility, cannot fail to have been struck by the completeness with which the Jew has monopolized the functions of a middle class. Every tavern along the roads is kept by an Israelite inn keeper. A glance at the map will suffice to convince the reader how sparsely scattered are the centres of city life over Slav countries, and if he were to visit those centres he would see how widely they differ from western European cities in the life which they harbor.

The Slavs of the South are split up into several small kingdoms and principalities, and of them we shall not speak at length. The rôle they play in modern Europe is of very second-rate importance. It is of the two great groups of the North that we shall have

most to say—Poland and Russia. The Poles have always occupied a large position in European interest and sympathies, ever since the tragic end which befell their political liberty, now over a century ago. We shall not here trouble the reader with a recapitulation of the history of the years from 1772 to 1795, which ended in Poland's extinction as an independent Power, and in the partition of the ancient kingdom between Austria, Prussia, and Russia. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Poland was still a mighty and imposing monarchy. The Elector of Brandenburg yet acknowledged the King of Poland as his suzerain. But in consequence of vices in the national character, fatal diplomatic mistakes, and an absolutely erroneous political strategy, Poland was, by the middle of the eighteenth century, reduced to such a state of internal anarchy, as to fall an easy prey to the three neighboring monarchies. These diplomatic and political errors are at present beyond our subject, but it is of great importance that we should note several of the national shortcomings, and the fundamental mistakes of Polish society, which contributed no small part to the undoing of the country.

The whole of the civic rights were in the hands of a very few noblemen, while the whole mass of the peasantry, numbering over twelve millions, was absolutely excluded from all participation in political liberty. As in all Slav countries a *bourgeoisie* proper did not exist, its place being taken either by foreigners or Jews, neither of which classes could reasonably be expected to feel any patriotic interest in preserving the integrity of the kingdom. It is upon a strong middle class that a country must rely for its preservation in a moment of national peril. The peasants, on the whole, in a state of miserable semi-servitude, were unlikely to rise in defence of the country. It

made but small difference to them which way things went. All that they could look forward to was a change of masters, which could not for them result in anything much worse than their actual condition. The national defence, therefore, devolved almost entirely upon the nobility, and what could a handful of fifty to sixty thousand men accomplish in the face of incomparably more powerful and resourceful foes? Poland's eventual fate, were she left isolated, was a foregone conclusion with the partitioning Powers.

But of all Poland's shortcomings, the greatest is her woman. Her appearance is generally enough to carry all before her. Her beauty is, as a rule, of the type which the French have so expressively called the *fausse maigre*; she has flashing eyes and very much of the grace of the women of France, but with a deeper current of passion. To set off her beauty she has, as a rule, a wealth of brilliant and engaging conversation, which is irresistible when it flows in her own melodious language, with its magnificent cadences. Liszt has said that the only safety from the sorcery of the Polish liquid *l* as spoken by a Polish woman, is in flight. The love, the necessity for intrigue, which is part of the being of every Slav, is carried to a fine art by the Polish woman. But all her power of fascination is counterbalanced by an absolute lack of any capacity for her household duties. She is not like the Frenchwoman, who can be always charming without disdaining the cares and troubles of her own *ménage*. The existence of the Polishwoman is truly that of a butterfly; never did a proverbial expression find a better application. She is brilliant, dazzlingly brilliant and captivating in the *salon*, and at times heroically brave, even on the battlefield. But for the hum-drum existence of everyday, which nourishes the stamina of a nation, she has no ap-

titude, no inclination. Her life is anything rather than home-life. She, as a rule, talks French as well as Polish, and she did havoc in the French armies. The only real passion, feminine passion, to which Napoleon is known to have fallen a victim, except his real love for Josephine, was that for Walewska, which kept him dallying at Warsaw from December, 1806, till January, 1807. The Polishwoman is capable of anything in a moment of passion, but is marked by a temper of reckless enjoyment of life which renders her unfit for the worries of everyday existence.

Even at the present day, when Poland exists no more, her women still remain a power. Wherever they are they make formidable opponents to the partitioning Powers. It is with the Russian as with the German. Wherever the Polishwoman enters in, the process of Russification or Germanization, as the case may be, ceases, and a current of Polonization begins. Thus it is that many of the East German villages, which before the partition hardly bore a trace of Polish influence, have now become entirely Polish, and this metamorphosis has taken place almost exclusively through feminine influence. So extensive has this process become that the German Chancellor has of late declared, and in no spirit of exaggeration, that one of the most formidable perils with which Germany's future is confronted, is the Polonization of her Eastern inhabitants, and even of the Westphalian mining districts filled with Poles. All efforts, even those of the most tyrannical description, to keep Polish nationality within bounds on German soil, have proved ineffectual. The papers tell every day of fresh terrorizing methods in Eastern Pomerania, of Polish riots rigorously repressed; but it is well to remember that these disturbances frequently take place in a country which

has only recently become Polonized. In the primary schools of Russian Poland, the State-paid teachers are compelled to teach the Russian National Anthem, but although the masters, in order to retain their berths, do make some effort to execute orders, they never meet with any response upon the part of the Polish children. In Germany the same thing takes place, and from there we hear of persecutions for *lèse-majesté* against children hardly in their teens. All these are signs that the idea of Polish nationality is still green, and far from losing ground owing to the harsh measures of the conquerors.

Hopeless as the cause of Poland may seem to be, it would yet be rash to assume that the famous exclamation of the great Polish patriot on the field of Ostrolenka, "*Finis Poloniae!*" is really the final word in the destinies of that country. Perhaps there is more truth in the refrain of the great Polish folk-song, "Poland is not ended yet so long as we live." Over a hundred years have gone by and Poland seems to have been rejuvenated by her disasters. The dormant sense of nationality is waking into life, despite the drugs and opiates with which the partitioners would like to prolong the lethargy. This reawakening is becoming every day more apparent. A new literature has arisen in the days of captivity.

May we not even now look forward to the day when Poland will confront Germany with a demand for internal independence? When she will claim to enter the German confederation on a footing of equality, with her internal institutions swept clean of Teutonic influence? Poland will perhaps some day take up towards Germany the same position which Hungary has taken up towards Austria, and we may witness the formation of a Polono-German dualism, on the same lines as the present Austro-Hungarian dualism, in which the union is only maintained in

external relations. In politics it has often and truly been said there is no morality, but it looks very much as if there was a Nemesis which, sooner or later, inevitably overtakes the doers of great political crimes, and that Prussia, too, will not escape punishment for her share in the partition of unhappy Poland.

Russian power is overrated. But the exaggerated conception of the invincible and resistless might of Russia shows no sign of waning. Although almost every historical event of the last century in which Russia has had a hand might seem to have been specially designed to relieve Europe of the bugbear of a Muscovite terror, the myth of Russia's hostile intentions towards the West, and of her capacity for carrying her inimical designs into execution, has been steadily gaining ground. Its origin has been attributed to Napoleon, who is represented to have said that within fifty years from his time the whole of Europe would be Republican or Muscovite. Very possibly the dictum may be apocryphal, we are not concerned with proving its authenticity. All we would wish to indicate is that the idea had already gained currency during the latter years of Napoleon, and has continued to strike deeper root ever since. To disclose the fallacies which this idea involves will be the main thread which will guide us in what we have to say of Russia.

It is true that almost every year of the last century and a half has witnessed the increase of Russia's territorial possessions, until now they stretch unbroken from Polish Wilna in the West, to Vladivostok on the Pacific coast. But immense territorial conglomerations and vast throngs of population have not gone for much in the making of history. We can never insist too much that history does not go by masses and majorities, which, how-

ever important they may be in the building up of institutions, are not the main producers of history. Small and intense minorities are the stuff from which start the causes of history. We may admit that a mass of population throughout which a comparatively high state of civilization prevails, in which there is unity and homogeneity, and which is bound together by a chain of common civil and moral institutions, may be of great power. The United States of America afford us a striking instance. In America there is a uniformity of civilization, sentiment, and aspirations which is exceedingly astonishing to a stranger fresh from intensely differentiated Europe, who is, as a rule, accustomed to meet with at least three degrees or stages of civilization within a day's travel. At home he has been wont to class his fellow-beings roughly as either peasants, *bourgeois*, or nobility; in America he meets with the *bourgeois* alone. Consequently, any given idea in America, once it takes, spreads with the swiftness of an immense prairie-fire; it is impossible to foresee where it may end; it is a spectacle at once sublime and powerful.

But to return to Russia. Nowhere is there homogeneity. We have already shown the class distinction prevalent in all the Slav countries. Besides this there are a thousand elements of sub-division. The creeds and sects of Russia may be counted by the score; the different and mutually unintelligible tongues run into hundreds, and there are besides a legion of conflicting psychological forces. The average degree of civilization is very low when measured by European standards. The only tie which binds Russians together is an outward semblance of political unity, maintained by an army of eight or nine hundred thousand State officials, who themselves constitute a class apart. The more you study Russia the more the convic-

tion will be borne in upon you that she is not greatly to be feared. The spectre of Panslavism, as taught by Bakunin, has, or ought to have, completely disappeared.

Let us examine for a moment the Russian peril to Europe from a military point of view. It is quite impossible that an invasion of Europe such as took place in the thirteenth century, at the hands of the Mongols under the son of Gengiz Khan, could any longer succeed. We have no longer to fear anything like the hordes of Turks who swept down upon Europe in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The days of Soliman are over, and the defensive organization of the modern Western nations would make very short work of such an unsystematic foray. But a methodically and scientifically planned invasion on the part of Russia is equally beyond the horizon of possibilities. For warfare on this grandiose and regular scale Russia is in no wise prepared. Her armies are filled with excellent recruits, who have proved themselves, time after time, endowed with all the essential fighting qualities, dogged perseverance, resistance, and unflinching bravery in time of defeat. The figures of modern military statisticians will give some idea of the sterling worth of the Russian rank and file. The comparison of the losses sustained by Russian troops in battle against an enemy of equal strength, with the casualties of Italian forces in like circumstances, is peculiarly instructive, and will show immediately that, as far as the courage of the common soldier is concerned, Russia has no reason to be dissatisfied. At the battle of Zorndorf (1758), 45 per cent. of the Russian army was left upon the field, and the losses at Kunersdorf (1759) were equally heavy. Here are the percentages of Russian casualties in several other famous engagements:—Austerlitz (1805), 15 per

cent.; Eylau (1807), 28 per cent.; Friedland (1807), 24 per cent.; Borodino (1812), 31 per cent.; Warsaw (1831), 18 per cent.; Inkermann (1854), 24 per cent.; Plevna (I.) (1877), 28 per cent.; Plevna (II.) 28 per cent.; Plevna (III.) 17 per cent. Observe now the Italian lists, and the striking contrast which they show:—St. Lucia (1848), 2 per cent.; Custoza (1848) 1.2 per cent.; Mortara (1849), 2.2 per cent.; Novara (1849), 5 per cent.; Solferino (1859), 8 per cent.; Custoza (1866), 4 per cent. But physical bravery alone will not suffice unless it is directed by first-class strategic ability, and the Russian generals have not by any means shone so brightly as have the men under their command. In the Caucasus it was only after thirty-five years of almost uninterrupted fighting, with vast resources of men and money at their disposal, a free hand to use any repressive measures against the enemy, and after sustaining many defeats and enormous losses, that the Russians eventually succeeded in partially pacifying the heroic mountain tribes who were opposed to them (1829-64). The story of the Crimean War (1854-56), and of the Russo-Turkish War (1877-78), is so well known, that we hardly need say that Russian generalship was anything but an unmitigated success. Nor is this incapacity difficult of explanation. In modern warfare more than the weapon is needed; the intelligent initiative of each individual officer is required in the first place, and although this may be increased to a great extent by a special military training, it is more largely the result of the national moral and intellectual education.

Russia would be even more handicapped in a European war by her lack of money. She is really a poverty-stricken country, and what capital she has at her disposal is almost entirely absorbed by her nascent industrial de-

velopment. She has none of the hoarded wealth of Western countries to fall back upon in time of need, and the funds to which she owes her present financial position have been drawn to a considerable extent from the surplus riches of France, her ally. The great famines with which the country is so frequently visited, are an unmistakable sign of her economical backwardness. What commerce there is, is almost exclusively in foreign or Israelitish hands. The native industry is insignificant, or rather *nil*; for the immense mineral wealth, the petroleum wells of Baku, have fallen into the hands of English capitalists. Repressive and terrorizing measures against the Jews can only end in crippling what little commercial enterprise there is. The Russian having as yet been unable to create a mercantile middle class, the exchange of goods is practically limited to the great fairs, such as those of Nijni Novgorod. Commerce is thus in Russia still very much in the same stage of development as it was in Europe during the early Middle Ages. The country is agricultural, but the absence of a numerous class of middlemen paralyzes the movement of corn and other agricultural products. For the development of a really extensive network of railways capital is wanting, and other means of transport are hopelessly inadequate. The great rivers are quite insufficient, and the magnificent project of linking the Black Sea with the Baltic by a canal still remains a project. But of all the drawbacks under which Russia labors, the greatest is her geographical position, that is to say, the position of European Russia, shut in between three closed seas, the Caspian, the Baltic, and the Black Sea. We shall see later that Russian policy tends always towards the acquisition of a real and unimpeded maritime outlet, and that on this point alone she is likely to come into hostile collision with other European Powers.

We have so far shown that Russia is incapable of seriously menacing the peace of Europe from a military point of view, and that, even had she the military capacity, the financial straits in which she stands would preclude her from espousing such an enterprise. It remains to point out that an unfriendly attitude towards Europe is absolutely inconsistent with Russian policy, and that nothing could be more remote from the minds of Russian statesmen than an invasion of Europe.

The whole of Russian policy points towards the East. For the last hundred years the expansion of Russia has always been away from Europe, and she has annexed vast tracts of land beyond the Ural Mountains. Quite erroneous is the idea, very generally current, that these recent acquisitions consist only of barren and inhospitable steppes. Much of these newly-won possessions offers the brightest prospects to the agricultural colonist, and it is their development and exploitation which will monopolize all the energies of the Russian nation for generations to come. The Russian peasant is cut out by nature for a colonist. He has one great advantage over other European nations. His generally low state of culture permits him to inter-marry, without any undue sense of debasement, with the indigenous tribes of the ultra-Ural districts. In times of peace he is prodigiously prolific, so that there is every prospect of Russia in the end really absorbing her Asiatic conquests, with the result that the whole of her immense dominion, from west to east, will be peopled with a Russian-speaking and Russian-thinking population. In this she will stand in marked contrast, and have a considerable advantage over, the French, English, and Dutch, who have never been able to form in Asia any other but "provincial" colonies, that is to say, colonies of natives with a European government

of officials. Thus while other Europeans are hindered by climatic drawbacks, and their superior culture, from ever really Europeanizing their colonial acquisitions, the Russian, from his comparatively low state of culture, stands an excellent chance of completely Russifying the whole of his Empire. But this is still the work of centuries. Whether Russia will also succeed in denationalizing Manchuria and North China is a question of the very far future, and on which it would be rash to risk an opinion. Our knowledge of the interior of China is too imperfect to permit of any serious prediction.

There has always been a tendency to exaggerate the grounds of hostility that exist between England and Russia. The slightest movement of the Muscovite Government, either on the Pamir frontier, in Persia, or in the Far East, is construed as a harbinger of war. It is doubtful whether serious statesmen hold the same view. In Russian policy two points must be firmly grasped, firstly, that sooner or later Russia must acquire an ice-free and open port on the ocean, and, secondly, that she is irresistible on land. She is already in possession of the hinterland of Persia and of North China; whether she will open her first harbor on the Indian Ocean or the North Chinese coast may still be doubtful. What is quite certain is that, once Russia is in possession of the hinterland, it is quite impossible that any other European Power should debar her from the sea-coast.

What Russia will do intellectually, what she will achieve in the interests of civilization, is a matter of the deepest interest. Will she produce a new type of culture, different, but as valuable in its way, as those evolved by England, France, and Germany? To this question, at least, we are in a position to hazard a preliminary answer.

Very many obstacles stand in Russia's way along the path of progress, but it is a very wrong notion to imagine that the autocratic government now prevailing is among the greatest. The idea that a country may be given a beneficial constitution in a day; the Benthamite conception that a form of government can be drawn up upon ideal lines to fit the requirements of any nation, and that that nation will be able to don it and wear it like a new suit of clothes, has long been proved false. A constitution, unless it has been won by the efforts of the people themselves, is not likely to prove a good fit. And in Russia the lower classes have not manifested any desire for a superior form of government to that under which they at present live. The class that desires constitutional reforms is the middle class, and this class, in the real sense of *bourgeoisie*, we have already shown does not exist. Its absence, however, is the greatest check upon the advance of Russian culture. It has been our consistent aim to show that all the great streams of modern civilization, all its ideals, have risen among the *bourgeoisie*. The *bourgeoisie* is the outcome and the one great creation for which we have to thank the Middle Ages. Russia is still mediæval, although possibly her mediævalism may be slightly tintured with humanity, borrowed from Western States. Serfdom may be abolished, but Russia has still to live through her Middle Ages, and we may well be permitted to doubt whether she will attain to a parallel degree of culture with the great European countries, unless she first passes through the stages through which those countries have passed. There is no royal road to civilization.

But the most hopeless barrier to Russian progress is her Church, the Greek Church. From the Greek Church it is impossible to see how she will es-

cape. Wherever the Greek Church has become paramount, it has proved infinitely more sterilizing, infinitely more paralyzing in its influence than has the Roman Catholic Church. We cannot here go into the causes of this baneful power, which the author has sought to follow out in detail in a chapter of his "General History," which is to appear during the course of the present year. We must ask the reader to take the fact for the present as he finds it. It cannot be denied that the Catholic Church, much as may be the misery and suffering it has caused, has always acted as a potent civilizing agent. Even the opposition it has called forth has been for good. But the Greek Church has never excited opposition. It has had neither a Saint Bernard nor a Torquemada. It has had believers and heretics, but no passionately aggressive and inquisitive doubters. Now that the Russians themselves have opened their eyes to its imperfections, sects innumerable have risen against it, but none capable of seriously opposing, much less of replacing, it. For a moment there seemed some hope that Tolstolism might supply the remedy, but it is to be feared that it contains too much quietism and qualities that make for stagnation to really replace the Greek Church. Hungary has no benefactor to whom she is more indebted than to Pope Sylvester II. (999-1003 A.D.), to whom she owes her catholicization, and her admittance to participate in Western thought.

Every one of the great Western nations has had to stand the test of a triple trial before it could reach its actual condition. It has had to pass through an intellectual Renaissance, a religious Reformation, and a political Revolution. And we may suppose that Russia will not escape the necessity of passing through a like series of stages. Incidentally, it may be borne in mind that the Catholic countries, too, have

had their Reformation in the Council of Trent.

To resume, we may predict with fair confidence that Russia will no longer prove a serious menace to the peace of Europe; that her future will be fully occupied with her colonial, industrial, social, and political development, and if we may judge from historic prece-

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dent, her social growth will of necessity precede her political development. So far, revolutions in Western Europe have not been of the making of a discontented peasantry, but of a middle class which has risen to consciousness of its own power, and has grasped the fact that it is its prerogative to govern itself.¹

Emil Reich.

A DAY OF MY LIFE IN THE COUNTY COURT.

It is a difficult task to describe to others the everyday affairs of one's own life. The difficulty seems to me to arise in discovering what it is that is new and strange to a person who finds himself for the first time in a place where the writer has spent the best part of the last ten years. The events in a County Court are to me so familiar that it is hard to appreciate the interest shown in our daily routine by some casual on-looker whom curiosity, or a subpoena, has brought within our walls. Still, in so far as the County Court is a poor man's Court it is a good thing that the outside world should take an interest in its proceedings, for much goes on there that has an immediate bearing on the social welfare of the working classes, and a morning in the Manchester County Court would throw a strong light on the ways and means of the poor and the fiscal problems by which they are surrounded.

An urban County Court is a wholly different thing from the same institution in a country town. Here in Manchester we have to deal with a large number of bankruptcy cases, proceedings under special acts of Parliament, cases remitted from the High Court, and litigation similar in character to

but smaller in importance than the ordinary civil list of an Assize Court. Cases such as these are contested in much the same way as they are in the High Court, counsel and solicitors appear—the latter having a right of audience in the County Court—and all things are done in legal decency and order. The litigants very seldom desire a jury, having perhaps the idea that a common judge is as good a tribunal as a common jury, whereas a special judge wants a common jury to find out the everyday facts of his case for him. I could never see why juries are divided into two classes, special and common, and judges are not. It is a fruitful idea for the legal reformer to follow out.

The practice in Manchester is to have special days for the bigger class of cases, and to try to give clear days for the smaller matters where most of the parties appear in person. The former are printed in red on the Court Calendar, and the latter in black, and locally the days are known as red-letter days and black-letter days. On a black-letter day counsel and solicitors indeed often appear—for it is a practical impossibility to sort out the cases into two exact classes—but the professions know that on a black-letter day, they have no precedence, and very cheerfully acquiesce in the arrangement,

¹ [This article was written before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War.—Editor F. R.]

since it is obvious that to the community at large it is at least as important that a working woman should be home in time to give her children their dinner as that a solicitor should return to his office or a barrister lunch at his club.

Let me try, then, to bring home to your mind what happens on a black-letter day.

We are early risers in Manchester, and the Court sits at ten. I like to get down to my Court about twenty minutes earlier, as on a black-letter day there are sure to be several letters from debtors who are unable to be at Court, and these are always addressed to me personally. Having disposed of the correspondence there is generally an "application in chambers" consisting of one or more widows whose compensation under the Workman's Compensation Act remains in Court to be dealt with for their benefit. I am rather proud of the interest and industry the chief clerks of my Court have shown in the affairs of these poor women and children, and the general "liberty to apply" is largely made use of that I may discuss with the widows or the guardians of orphans plans for the maintenance and education of the children, and the best way to make the most of their money.

You would expect to find the Court buildings geographically in the centre of Manchester, but they are placed almost on the boundary. Turning out of Deansgate down Quay Street, which, as its name implies, leads towards the river Irwell, you come across a street with an historic name, Byrom Street. The name recalls to us the worthy Manchester doctor and the days when even Manchester was on the fringe of a world of romance, and John Byrom made his clever epigram:

God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender,

God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender.

But who Pretender is, and who the King,

God bless us all—that's quite another thing.

It is a far cry from Jacobites to judgment debtors, but it is a pleasant thought to know that one lives in an historic neighborhood, even if the building you work in is not exactly fitted for the modern purpose for which it is used.

At the corner of Byrom Street and Quay Street is the Manchester County Court. It is an old brick building with some new brick additions. Some architect, we may suppose, designed it, therefore let it pass for a house. It was built, as far as I can make out, in the early part of the century, when the brick box with holes in it was the standard form of the better class domestic dwelling house. Still it is an historic building. In 1836 it was No. 21 Quay Street, the residence of Richard Cobden, calico printer, whose next door neighbor was a Miss Eleanor Byrom. Cobden sold it to Mr. Faulkner for the purposes of the Owens College, so it was the first home of the present Victoria University. It is now a County Court. *Facilis descensus*. It still contains several very fine mahogany doors that give it the air of a house that has seen better days.

You will see groups of women making their way down to the Court, many with a baby on one arm and a door key slung on the finger. The wife is the solicitor and the advocate of the working class household, and very cleverly she does her work as a rule. The group of substantial-looking men chatting in the street are debt-collecting agents and travelling drapers discussing the state of trade. These are the Plaintiffs and their representatives, the women are the Defendants. Here and there you will see a well-dressed lady, probably

summoned to the Court by a servant or a dressmaker. There will always be a few miscellaneous cases, but the trivial round and common task of the day is collecting the debts of small tradesmen from the working class.

I have no doubt that a County Court Judge gets an exaggerated view of the evils of the indiscriminate credit given to the poor. They seem to paddle all their lives ankle-deep in debt, and never get a chance of walking the clean parapet of solvency. But that is because one sees only the seamy side of the debt-collecting world and knows nothing of the folk who pay without process. At the same time, that indiscriminate credit-giving as practised in this district is an evil, no one, I think, can doubt, and it seems strange that social reformers pay so little attention to the matter.

The whole thing turns, of course, upon imprisonment for debt. Without imprisonment for debt there would be little credit given, except to persons of good character, and good character would be an asset. As it is, however, our first business in the morning will be to hear a hundred judgment summonses in which creditors are seeking to imprison their debtors. There are some ten thousand judgment summonses issued in Manchester and Salford in a year, but they have to be personally served, and not nearly that number come for trial. We start with a hundred this morning, of which say sixty are served. It is well to sit punctually, and we will start on the stroke of ten.

A debt collector enters the Plaintiff's box, and, refreshing his memory from a notebook, tells you what the Defendant's position is, where he works, and what he earns. The minute book before you tells you the amount of his debt, that he has been ordered to pay 2s. a month, and has not paid anything for six months. His wife now enters

into all the troubles of her household, and makes the worst of them. One tries to sift the true from the false, the result being that one is generally convinced that the Defendant has had means to pay the 2s. a month, or whatever the amount may be, since the date when the order was made. The law demands that the debtor should be imprisoned for not having paid, but no one wants him to go to prison, so an order is made of seven or fourteen days, and it is suspended, and is not to issue if he pays the arrears and fees, say in three monthly instalments. The wife is satisfied that the evil day is put off and goes away home, and the creditor generally gets his money. He may have to issue a warrant, but the Defendant generally manages to pay by hook or by crook, rather than go to Knutsford Gaol, where the debtors are imprisoned, and as a matter of fact only a few actually go to gaol. Of course the money is often borrowed or paid by friends, which is another evil of the system. The matter is more difficult when, as often happens, the Defendants do not appear. It is extraordinary how few people can read and understand a comparatively simple legal notice or summons. Mistakes are constantly made. A collier once brought me an official schedule of his creditors, in which in the column for "description," where he should have entered "grocer," "butcher," &c., he had filled in the best literary description he could achieve of his different creditors, and one figured as "little lame man with sandy whiskers." There are of course many illiterates, and they have to call in the assistance of a "scholar." An amusing old gentleman came before me once, who was very much perturbed to know if, to use his own phrase, he was "entitled to pay this ere debt." The incident occurred at a time when the citizens of Manchester were being polled to vote on a "culvert scheme" of drainage,

which excited much popular interest.

"I don't deny owing the debt," he said, "and I'll pay reet enow, what your Honor thinks reet, if I'm entaitled to pay."

I suggested that if he owed the money he was clearly "entitled" to pay.

"Well," he continued, "I thowt as I should 'ave a summons first."

"But you must have had a summons," I said, "or how did you get here?"

"'E tow'd me case wor on," he said, pointing to the Plaintiff, "so I coom."

I looked up matters and discovered that service of the summons was duly reported, and informed the Defendant, who seemed much relieved.

"You see," he said, "I'm no scholard, and we got a paaper left at our 'ouse, and I took it up to Bill Thomas in our street, a mon as con read, an' 'e looks at it, an' says as 'ow may be it's a coolvert paaper. 'I'm not certain,' 'e says, 'but I think it's a coolvert paaper.' So I asks him what to do wi' it, and he says, 'Put a cross on it, and put it in a pillar box,' and that wor done. But if you say it wor a summons, Bill must a bin wrong."

One can gather something from this poor fellow's difficulties of the trouble that a summons of any kind must cause in a domestic household, and one can only hope for the day when England will follow the example of other civilized countries and at least do away with the judgment summons and imprisonment for debt.

The hundred judgment summonses will have taken us until about eleven o'clock, and meanwhile in an adjoining Court the Registrar has been dealing with a list of about four hundred cases. The bulk of these are undefended, and the Registrar enters up judgment and makes orders against the Defendant to pay the debt by instalments at so much a month. A small percentage—say from five to ten per cent. of the

cases—are sent across to the Judge's Court for trial, and small knots of folk come into Court to take the seats vacated by the judgment debtors and wait for the trials to come on.

The trial of a County Court action on a black-letter day, where Plaintiff and Defendant appear in person, where neither understands law, evidence, or procedure, and where the main object of each party is to overwhelm his opponent by a reckless fire of irrelevant statements, is not easy to conduct with suavity and dignity. The chief object of a County Court Judge, as it seems to me—I speak from a ten years' experience—should be to suffer fools gladly without betraying any suspicion that he considers himself wise. Ninety-nine per cent. of the cases are like recurring decimals. They have happened, and will happen again and again. The same defence is raised under the same circumstances. To the shallow-witted Defendant it is an inspiration of mendacity, to the Judge it is a commonplace and expected deceit. All prisoners in a Police Court who are found with stolen goods upon them tell you that they have bought them from a man whose name they do not know. There is no copyright in such a defence, and it sounds satisfactory to each succeeding publisher of it. No doubt it is disappointing to find that the judge and jury have heard it before and are not disposed to believe it. In the same way in the County Court there are certain lines of defence that I feel sure students of folk-lore could tell us were put forward beneath the oak trees when the Druids sat in County Courts in prehistoric times. The serious difficulty lies in continuing to believe that a Defendant may arise who actually has a defence, and in discovering and rescuing a specimen of a properly defended action from a crowded museum of antique mendacities. Counter claims, for instance, which of

course are only filed in the bigger cases, are very largely imaginative. The betting against a valid counter claim must be at least ten to one. It is, of course, in finding the one that there is scope for ingenuity. It is the necessity for constant alertness that makes the work interesting.

The women are the best advocates. Here, for instance, is a case in point.

A woman Plaintiff with a shawl over her head comes into the box, and an elderly collier, the Defendant, is opposite to her. The action is brought for nine shillings. I ask her to state her case.

"I lent yon mon's missus my mon's Sunday trousers to pay 'is rent, an' I want 'em back."

That seems to me, as a matter of pleading, as crisp and sound as can be. If the trousers had been worth five hundred pounds, a barrister would have printed several pages of statement of claim over them, but could not have stated his case better. My sympathies are with the lady. I know well the kindness of the poor to each other, and, won by the businesslike statement of the case, I turn round to the Defendant and ask him why the trousers are not returned, and what his defence may be.

He smiles and shakes his head. He is a rough, stupid fellow, and something amuses him. I ask him to stop chuckling and tell me his defence.

"There's nowt in it all," is his answer.

I point out that this is vague and unsatisfactory, and that the words do not embody any defence to an action of detinue known to the law.

He is not disturbed. The lady gazes at him triumphantly. He is a slow man, and casually mentions "The 'ole street knows about them trousers."

I point out to him that I have never lived in the street, and know nothing about it. He seems to disbelieve this,

and says with a chuckle, "Everyone knows about them trousers."

I press him to tell me the story, but he can scarcely believe that I do not know all about it. At length he satisfies my curiosity.

"Why yon woman an' my missus drank them trousers."

The woman vociferates, desires to be struck dead and continues to live, but bit by bit the story is got at. Two ladies pawn the husband's trousers, and quench an afternoon's thirst with the proceeds. The owner of the Sunday trousers is told by his wife a story of destitution and want of rent, and the generous loan of garments. Everyone in the street but the husband enjoys the joke. The indignant husband, believing in his wife, sues for the trousers and sends his wife to Court. The street comes down to see the fun, and when I decide for the Defendant there is an uprising of men, women, and babies, and the parties and their friends disappear while we call the next case. These are the little matters where it is easy to make a blunder, and where patience and attention and a knowledge of the ways and customs of the "'ole street" are worth much legal learning.

One must learn to sympathize with domestic frailties. I was rebuking a man, the other day, for backing up his wife in what was not only an absurd story, but one in which I could see he had no belief.

"You should really be more careful," I said, "and I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story."

"You may do as yer like," he said, mournfully, "but I've got to."

The sigh of envy at the comparative freedom of my position as compared with his own was full of pathos.

A case of a workman who was being sued for lodging money gave me a new insight into the point of view of the clever but dissipated workman. His late landlady was suing for arrears run

up when, as she said, he was "out of work."

The phrase made him very angry.

"Look 'ere," he said "can that wumman kiss the book agen? She's swear-in' false. I've never been out o' wark i' my life. Never."

"Tummas," says the old lady, in a soothingly irritating voice. "Think, Tummas."

"Never been out o' wark i' my life," he shouts.

"Oh, Tummas," says the old lady, more in sorrow than in anger. "You remember Queen's funeral. You were on the spree a whole fortnet."

"Oh, ay!" says Thomas, unabashed; "but you said out o' wark. If you're sayin' on the spree I'm with yer, but I've never been out o' wark i' my life."

It was a sad distinction for a clever working-man to make, but a true one and to him an important one, and I rather fancy the nice old lady knew well what she was doing in her choice of phrase and hoped to score off Thomas by irritating him into an unseemly exhibition by the use of it.

A class of case that becomes very familiar arises out of the sale of a small business. A fried-fish shop is regarded by an enterprising widow who does not possess one as a mine of untold gold. She purchases one at a price above its value, fails from want of knowledge to conduct it successfully, and then brings an action for fraudulent misrepresentation against the seller. Of course, there are cases of fraud and misrepresentation; but, as a rule, there is nothing more than the natural optimistic statements of a seller followed by incompetence of the purchaser and the disgust of old customers. In a case of this sort, in which up to a point it was difficult to know where the truth lay, owing to the vague nature of the evidence, a graphic butcher gave a convincing account of the reason of the failure of the new management.

He had come down to the Court in the interests of justice, leaving the abattoir—or as he called it "habbitoyre"—on his busiest morning.

"Yer see," he said, "I knew the old shop well. I was in the 'abit of takin' in a crowd of my pals on Saturday neet. So when the old Missus gave it up, I promised to give it a try wi' the new Missus. Well, I went in twice, an' there wor no sort o' choice at all. There worn't no penny fish, what there wor, wor 'a-penny fish, and bad at that, an' the chips wor putty."

It was obvious that the Plaintiff had started on a career for which nature did not intend her, and that the cause of the failure of the business was not the fraud of the Defendant, but the culinary incompetence of the Plaintiff.

It is amazing how, apart altogether from perjury, two witnesses will give entirely different accounts of the same matter. No doubt there is a great deal of reckless evidence given and some perjury committed, but a great deal of the contradictory swearing arises from "natural causes," as it were. A man is very ready to take sides, and discusses the facts of a case with his friend until he remembers more than he ever saw. In "running down" cases, where the witnesses are often independent folk and give their own evidence their own way, widely different testimony is given about the same event. One curious circumstance I have noticed in "running down" cases is that a large percentage of witnesses give evidence against the vehicle coming towards them. That is to say, if a man is walking along, and a brougham is in front of him and going the same way as he is, and a cab coming in the opposite direction collides with the brougham, I should expect that man to give evidence against the cab. I suppose the reason of that is that to a man so situated the brougham appears

stationary and the cab aggressively dangerous, but whatever the reason may be the fact is very noticeable.

On the whole the uneducated man in the street is a better witness of outdoor facts than the clerk or warehouseman. The outdoor workers have, I fancy, a more retentive memory for things seen, and are more observant than the indoor workers. They do not want to refresh their memory with notes.

A story is told of a blacksmith who came to the farriery classes held by the County Council at Preston. The clerk in charge gave him a note-book and a pencil.

"Wot's this 'ere for?" asks the blacksmith.

"To take notes," replied the clerk.

"Notes? Wot sort o' notes?"

"Why, anything that the lecturer says which you think important and want to remember, you make a note of it," said the clerk.

"Oh," was the scornful reply, "anything I want to remember I must make a note of in this 'ere book, must I? Then wot do you think my blooming yed's for?"

It is the use and exercise of the "blooming yed" that makes the Lancashire workman the strong character he is. May it be long before the mother wit inside it is dulled by the undue use of the scholastic notebook.

Witnesses are often discursive, and the greatest ingenuity is devoted to keeping them to the point without breaking the thread of their discourse. Only long practice and a certain instinct which comes from having undergone many weary hours of listening can give you the knack of getting the pith and marrow of a witness's story without the domestic and genealogical details with which he—and especially she—desires to garnish it.

I remember soon after I took my seat on the bench having an amusing dialogue with a collier. He had been

sued for twelve shillings for three weeks' rent. One week he admitted, and the week in lieu of notice, which leads to more friction between landlord and tenant than any other incident in their contract, was duly wrangled over and decided upon. Then came the third week, and the collier proudly handed in four years' rent books to show nothing else was owing. The landlord's agent pointed out that two years back a week's rent was missing, and sure enough in the rent book was the usual cross instead of a four, showing that no rent had been paid for that week.

"How did that week come to be missed?" I asked the collier.

"I'll never pay that week," he said, shaking his head stubbornly. "Not laikely."

"But," I said, "I'm afraid you'll have to. You see you admit it's owing."

"Well, I'll just tell yer 'ow it was. You see we wor 'aving rabbit for supper, an' my wife—"

He looked as if he were settling down for a long yarn, so I interposed: "Never mind about the rabbit, tell me about the rent."

"I'm telling yer. Yer see we wor 'aving rabbit for supper, an' my wife 'ad got a noo kettle, an' we don't 'ave rabbit every—"

"Oh, come, come," I said impatiently, "just tell me about the rent."

He looked at me rather contemptuously, and began again at the very beginning.

"I'm telling yer, if yer'll only listen. We wor 'aving rabbit for supper, an' my wife 'ad got a noo kettle, an' we don't 'av rabbit every neet for supper, an' my wife 'ad just put the kettle, the noo kettle—"

"Oh, never mind about the kettle, do please get to the rent," I said, and was immediately sorry I had spoken.

"I'm getting to it, ain't I?" he asked, rather angrily. "We wor 'aving rabbit

for supper"—I groaned inwardly and resolved to sit it out without another word—"an' my wife 'ad got a noo kettle, an' we don't 'ave rabbit every neet for supper, an' my wife 'ad just put the kettle—the noo kettle with the rabbit—on to fire, when down coom chimley an' aw into middle o' room. Was I going to pay rent for that week? Not laikely!"

It turned out that I was wholly in the wrong, and that the destruction of the rabbit was a kind of equitable plea in defence to the action for rent. When I am tempted now to burst in too soon upon an irrelevant story, I think of the rabbit and am patient. Of course all rabbit stories are not even equitable defences, but the diagnosis of what is purely domestic and dilatory and of what is apparently anecdotal, but in really relevant gives a distinct charm to one's daily work.

One day of my life every month is given up to the trial of Yiddish cases. The Yiddisher is a litigious person, and his best friend would not describe him as a very accurate witness. One ought to remember, however, that he has not had generations of justice administered to him, that he is a child and beginner in a court of law, and that the idea of a judge listening to his story and deciding for him upon the evidence is, in some cases from personal experience, and in all cases from hereditary instinct, an utterly unfamiliar thing. The fact, too, that he speaks Yiddish, or very broken English, and never answers a question except by asking another, always gives his evidence an indirect flavor. One strong point about a Yiddisher is his family affection, and he swears in tribes, so to speak. A Christian in a family dispute will too often swear anything against his brother, and is often wickedly reckless in his sworn aspersions. A Yiddisher, on the other hand, will swear anything for his brother, and most Yiddish evidence

could be discounted by an accurate percentage according to the exact relationship by blood or marriage of the witness to the Plaintiff or Defendant.

It is needless to say a foreign-speaking race such as this gives one some anxiety and trouble in a small-debt court. One of my earliest Yiddish experiences was a case in which two Yiddishers each brought his own interpreter. A small scrap of paper cropped up in the case with some Hebrew writing on it. One interpreter swore it was a receipt, the other that it was an order for a new pair of boots. Without knowing anything of Hebrew, it occurred to me that those divergent readings were improbable. The case was adjourned. I applied to some of my friends on that excellent body, the Jewish Board of Guardians, a respectable interpreter was obtained, and the Hebrew document properly translated. We have now an official interpreter attached to the Court, and I think I can safely congratulate the Yiddish community on a distinct improvement in their education in the proper use of English law courts.

That some of them have the very vaguest notions of the principles on which we administer justice may be seen from the following story which happened some years ago. A little flashy Yiddish jeweller, who spoke very bad English, had taken out a judgment summons against an old man who appeared broken down in health and pocket. I asked the little man for evidence of means which would justify me in committing the debtor to prison.

"Vell," he says, "I vill tell you. He ish in a very larsh vay of pizness indeed. He has zree daughters vorking for him and several hands as vell, and zere is a great deal of monish coming into ze house."

The old man told a sad story of ill-health, loss of business, and said that his daughters had to keep him. It

turned out that there was a Yiddish gentleman in Court, Mr. X., who knew him, and Mr. X. corroborated the defendant's story in every particular. He had had a good business, but was now being kept by his daughters, having broken down in health.

I turned to the little Jeweller and said: "You have made a mistake here."

"It ish no mishtake at all," he cried excitedly. "Mr. X. ish a very bad man. He and the Defendant are both cap-makers, and are vot you call in English a long firm."

This was too much for Mr. X.—a most respectable tradesman—and he called out: "My Lorts, may I speak?" Without waiting for leave, he continued very solemnly: "My Lorts, I have sworn by Jehovah that every vord I say ish true, but I vill go further than that. I vill put down ten pounds in cash, and it may be taken away from me if vot I say ish not true."

The offer was made with such fervor and sincerity that I thought it best to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Turning to the little man I asked: "Are you ready to put down ten pounds that what you say is true?"

He looked blank and lost, and, shaking his head, murmured sadly, "No, it ish too motch."

I pointed out to him how his attitude about the ten pounds went to confirm the evidence for the Defendant, and seeing his case slipping away from under his feet, he cried out, as if catching at the last straw, "My Lorts, thish ish not mine own case, thish ish mine farder's case, and I vill put down ten pounds of mine farder's monish that vot I say ish true."

The offer was not accepted, and the Defendant was not committed. But the story throws light on the rudimentary ideas that some Yiddishers have of the administration of justice.

And now we have finished the list of cases, but there are a few stragglers

left in Court. Some of them have been in the wrong Court, or come on the wrong day; some have applications to make, or advice to ask. I always make a point now of finding out what these folk want before leaving the bench. I remember in my early days a man coming before me the first thing one morning, and saying he had sat in my Court until the end of yesterday's proceedings.

"Why didn't you come up at the end of the day," I asked, "and make your application then?"

"I was coming," he replied, "but at the end of last case you was off your chair an' bolted through yon door like a rabbit." I think his description was exaggerated, but I rise in a more leisurely way nowadays, though I am still glad when the day's work is over.

I do not know that what I have written will convey any clear idea of the day of my life that I have been asked to portray. I know it is in many respects a very dull gray life, but it has its brighter moments in the possibilities of usefulness to others. I am not at all sure that the black-letter jurisdiction of a big urban County Court ought not to be worked by a parish priest rather than by a lawyer. I know that it wants a patience, a sympathy, and a belief in the goodness of human nature that we find in those rare characters who give up the good things in this world for the sake of working for others. I am very conscious of my own imperfections; but I was once greatly encouraged by a criticism passed upon me which I accidentally overheard, and which I am conceited enough to repeat. I was going away from the Court, and passed two men walking slowly away. I had decided against them, and they were discussing why I had done so.

"Well, 'ow on earth 'e could do it I don't see, do you, Bill?"

"'E's a fool."

"Yes, 'e's a fool, a — fool, but 'e did 'is best."

"Ay. I think 'e did 'is best."

After all, coming from such a source, or indeed from any source, the suggestion contained in the conversation was very gratifying. I have often thought

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that one might rest beneath an unkindlier epitaph than this:

HE WAS
A — FOOL,
BUT
HE DID HIS BEST.

Edward A. Parry.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POPULAR POET.

When the future historian of the Victorian era draws to the end of his task, and begins to sum up the intellectual forces that marked its close, one wonders whether he will attach any significance, as an indication of a certain trend in popular thought and feeling during its last decade, to the gradual but steady emergence of the poetry of Matthew Arnold. — It is bare truth to say that when Arnold died in 1888 his poetry, in any popular sense, was absolutely unknown. To-day, judging from the frequency with which it is drawn upon for quotation, the number and variety of editions of it in vogue, and the fact that it has been democratized and is retailed by the hundred thousand at a penny, Arnold would seem to have achieved the modern apotheosis and become popular. This belated recognition of a poet whose most characteristic work has been before the world for fifty years is curious as well as significant, and renders it worth while to look a little closely into his achievement under the new light thus thrown upon it, if only with the object of revising, modifying, or confirming prepossessions born of long acquaintance.

Fifteen years ago Arnold's most fervent admirers would have smiled incredulously, if they had not been shocked, at the bare suggestion of popularity for one who was before all things the poet of culture, and there-

fore destined to appeal only to the audience "fit though few." Nevertheless, as the sequel showed, Arnold himself had a prevision of what has happened, and even went the length of assigning the prospective contributing cause. Still further, he foreshadowed with remarkable accuracy the place he was to occupy in the order of Victorian poets. As far back as 1869 we find him writing to his mother:

My poems represent on the whole the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might fairly be urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs.

The clairvoyance of that is indisputable; but even more remarkable, in our present enquiry, is the manifestation of the writer's self-detachment. To those who know him in his entirety, Arnold offers two distinct personalities, differing in temperament, diverse in aim, inhabiting separate hemispheres of thought,—Arnold the critic, and Ar-

nold the poet. The critic, blithe and gay and debonnaire; the poet, "sober, steadfast and demure"; the one basking in the sunshine of certitude, a pungent commentator on the mundane panorama; the other dwelling in the sober twilight of doubt, conscious of

—The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

Even in his familiar letters, while the critic is much in evidence, the poet is unmistakably shy. The clue to this reserve, one conjectures, lies in a sensitive nature, conscious of intellectual isolation and unwilling to bring its deepest thoughts into the arena of familiar discussion. But, when all is said, the duality of his character remains something of a psychological puzzle.

Looking at Arnold's total achievement as a poet one is inclined to echo the words Charles Dickens applied to Gray, and say that no poet has "come down to posterity with so thin a volume under his arm." Some of his best and most characteristic work was written between 1849 and 1853: a silence of fourteen years followed upon the volume bearing the latter date; and by 1867 his poetical career was practically closed. This apparently premature exhaustion of fertility has been ascribed to poverty of soil. There is truth in the ascription, but it would be more correct to say that Arnold allowed his allotment to go out of cultivation. He found the field of criticism more alluring and, in an intellectual as well as a pecuniary sense, more profitable. It is to be remembered, too, that he was all his life a public official, and to cultivate the muse with success demanded unbroken leisure and continuous thought, or, in the alternative, a knocking of himself to pieces against the inexorable limits of time and opportunity. Pegasus between the shafts of a

hackney chariot would find his arena somewhat circumscribed.

The most striking feature of Arnold's work, on a superficial survey, is the evidence it affords of his intellectual ancestry. His was a complex culture, but there were three main strands in it, each separately traceable in his poetry, the great Greek writers, Wordsworth, and Goethe,—this without impairment to his originality, for he worked by way of assimilation and reproduction, and every line he wrote has the impress of individuality. By intellectual affinity Arnold was Greek to the core. He had drunk deep at

— the dragon-warder'd fountains
Where the springs of Knowledge are.

There are poems of his where the spirits of the great masters of antiquity,—of Homer and Sophocles in particular—seem to move across the page. In *Balder Dead* the influence of Homer is obvious. Consider, for example, the simile,

And as a spray of honeysuckle flowers
Brushes across a tired traveller's face
Who shuffles through the deep dew-
moisten'd dust,
On a May evening, in the darken'd
lanes,
And starts him, that he thinks a ghost
went by—
So Hoder brushed by Hermod's side.

Or this passage, in Homer's larger manner:

Bethink ye Gods, is there no other way?
Speak, were not this a way, the way
for Gods?
If I, if Odin, clad in radiant arms,
Mounted on Sleipner, with the warrior
Thor
Drawn in his car beside me, and my
sons,
All the strong brood of Heaven, to
swell my train,
Should make irruption into Hela's
realm,

And set the fields of gloom ablaze with
light,
And bring in triumph Balder back to
Heaven?

Again, in matters of technique Arnold is all for Greek tradition. Flexibility, clearness, precision, along with simplicity of utterance, dignity of presentation, and perfection of form, wrought into harmonious poise in obedience to the fundamental maxim of all Greek craftsmanship, *Nothing in excess*,—this was what he strove to achieve, and by example and precept to instil. But it is in the spirit of his poetry, more than in its outward form, that the ascendancy of the Greeks as a formative influence will be found to be paramount.

Reticence and self-restraint, with their respective correlatives, elimination of the unessential and avoidance of rapture, were with Arnold matters of temperament rather than of discipline. It is his sense of the irony of life, his brooding sadness over man's inscrutable destiny, the serene continence of soul with which his characters confront the decrees of Fate, and go down to death with no thought of after-compensation, that reveal the source of his inspiration. *Empedocles on Etna* portrays the nemesis that dogs the footsteps of human self-exaltation, personified in a regal and dominating nature, conscious of intellectual supremacy, and paying in charlatanry the price of personal primacy, doomed to realize that it has lost the future, and to suffer all the pangs of self-accusation. *Sohrab and Rustum* is the story of the involuntary death of a son at the hands of his father, and is tremulous with the pathos of inexplicable sorrow; *Mycerinus*, of a proud, austere, upright, strenuously-just soul, setting itself in scorn against the unjust decree of the gods; *The Sick King of Bokhara*, of the impotence of power and futility of pity confronted with the problem of human misery, of mercy frustrated by the wrong-doer's

own instinct for justice; *Balder Dead*, of a blameless and valiant warrior done to death by craft, and of the impotence of even super-human power and prowess against Fate, blind, malignant, implacable.

Again, in his celebrated preface to the poems of 1851, Arnold reduces the primal law of poetical composition to the formula: "All depends upon the subject, choose a fitting action, penetrate yourself with the feeling of its situation; this done, everything else will follow." This, it is obvious must be taken rather as an attempt to body forth the shaping spirit of Greek tragedy than as a nostrum for practical application. As a test, it is entirely inapplicable to at least three-fourths of English poetry, not excluding Arnold's own, though *Sohrab and Rustum* (which, it is to be noted, immediately followed the preface of 1851) is a shining proof of its efficacy.

Further, Arnold's Greek proclivities can be seen in the strictures he felt called upon to make on certain innate characteristics or tendencies of English poetry. The sense of proportion (the nice correlation of the parts to the whole and elimination of any preponderating element) which with the Greeks was instinctive, was a sense almost entirely wanting in English poetry. There, everything was subordinated to expression. Whole poems seemed to be written for the sake of a single word, or to work in purple patches, or to express "distilled thoughts in distilled words." Two great offenders in respect of expression were Shakespeare and Keats. The wanton exuberance of the one and the witchery of phrase of the other Arnold held to be of evil influence. The nascent poet who came under their spell was seized by the spirit of emulation, to the neglect of the less attractive but not less essential details of his craft, and be-

came a mere artificer in words. The moral of Arnold's homily was that English poetry would be the better for an infusion of Greek method and practice. And when it is remembered what that poetry became under the cultivation of Tennyson, and still more of his imitators,—a garden of luscious delights that "cloy the hungry edge of appetite," a "Paradise of Dulcify Devices," where "nothing is described as it is, and everything has about it an atmosphere of something else"—it must be conceded that the moral had point.

At the same time, Arnold's strictures as a critic reveal certain of his limitations as a poet. A man's art, it is said, is conditioned by his nature. Arnold would have qualified the postulate by insisting that an artist's nature must be disciplined to the requirements of his art, a qualification which, applied to poetry, would in his case have carried an implicit reference to Greek architectonics. To him the masterpieces of Greek literature were the touchstone of literary perfection. Tried by this standard, what he called Keats's "over-richness of expression" was mere alloy, an exerescence, not the natural outcome of the artist's joy in material for material's sake, the expression of a sensuous temperament which found in language a plastic medium capable of being moulded into something beautiful for its own sake. But Arnold conceded nothing to temperament, and was antipathetic to the sensuous in any form. In contact with the sensuous element in literature, the Puritan paste in his composition underwent fermentation and set up an unsympathetic straitness of mind. And this is one reason why so much of his own verse lacks the familiar elements of warmth and color. Similarly with regard to Shakespeare; it is conceivable that Shakespeare might have been the better for the discipline implied in a first-hand knowledge of his Greek

predecessors. A better artist he might have been perhaps, but hardly a better poet. For the charm of Shakespeare is his naturalness. There is about his work something of the unrestricted luxuriance of Nature. To Arnold this suggested the pruning-knife and a lopping-off of the overgrowth. But there is a beauty of quality as well as a beauty of perfection; and in Shakespeare's case perfection of technique must have involved some impairment of his peculiar quality. Rigidity of form may be inimical to spontaneity, and conformity to type does not always consist with freedom of spirit. Arnold's attitude is very much that of a man who in presence of a Gothic minster complains that it does not conform to the architectural simplicity of a Greek temple.

There was, in truth, something of superstition in the virtue ascribed by Arnold to the masterpieces of Greek literature, in his fond belief in their impeccable sufficiency; and it accorded with the irony of things, of which the Greeks had so keen a sense, that such superstition should carry its own nemesis. For it beguiled him into perpetrating a technical experiment in imitation of Greek tragedy, of which a sufficient criticism is that the result was the doleful and frigid *Merope*, and that this incursion into an alien domain was never repeated.

Of Wordsworth's influence the signs are as clear and unmistakable as that of the Greeks. As in *Balder Dead* there are passages that read like direct transcriptions from the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, so in the exotic atmosphere of *Empedocles on Etna* we find passages that in manner, in method, in turn of phrase, even in the very complexion of the thought reveal their identity with Wordsworth. Consider, for example, this, especially the four lines in italics: And yet what days were those, Parmenides!

When we were young, when we could
 number friends
 In all the Italian cities like ourselves,
 When with elated hearts we joined
 your train,
 Ye Sun-born Virgins! on the road of
 truth.
 Then we could still enjoy, then neither
 thought
 Nor outward things were closed and dead
 to us;
 But we received the shock of mighty
 thoughts
 On simple minds with a pure natural
 joy;
 And if the sacred load oppressed our
 brain,
 We had the power to feel the pressure
 eased,
 The brow unbound, the thoughts flow
 free again
 In the delightful commerce of the
 world.

But the strength of Wordsworth's hold over Arnold is not to be gauged by verbal parallels. Arnold's Greek affinities could not fail of response to the austere simplicity of method, the high seriousness, the "profound application of ideas to life" of Wordsworth. But the affinity went deeper. Arnold was, in a very real sense, the inheritor of the Wordsworthian tradition. He had spoken with the master face to face. The hills, the valleys, the streams to which Wordsworth lent a voice, and amid which his spirit still lingers, were vocal for Arnold as for few. *Resignation*, the most intimately personal of all his poems, breathes the very spirit of Wordsworth, and its local color might be Wordsworth's own. Nor is it to be forgotten that a generation after Wordsworth's death Arnold performed an act of true discipleship by disinterring the immortal part of the master's work from the debris in which it was buried, and making it

A joy in wildest commonalty spread.¹

¹ "Poems of Wordsworth." Chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. London, 1879.

Moreover, Arnold approves himself a Wordsworthian in the truest sense in virtue of his recognition of that intimate relationship between man and the external world, and of that soothing and elevating influence on the human spirit of communion with Nature, which are at the root of Wordsworth's abiding power as a poet. For it is these, and his penetrating insight into the primal elements of human character, his presentation of "men as they are men within themselves," unencumbered with the trappings of conventionalism, his realization of a world outside civilization where life is lived in contact with primeval things, and where the healing power of Nature operates to allay

— The fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the
 world,

that to-day make Wordsworth's place among poets a place apart, and his poetry as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to all sorts and conditions of men.

Ah, since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing
 power?

This was the source of Wordsworth's appeal to Arnold. For the Wordsworth of the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* he cared little; transcendentalism was not in Arnold's way. The interval of fifty years which separated the two poets is sufficient to account for divergences in their interpretations of Nature, and their views as to man's relation to her. To conceive Nature,—that is, the whole world of natural phenomena external to man, "howe'er removed from sense and observation"—as self-subsisting, and endowed with an indwelling intelligence and human

emotions; to conceive that between Nature, so defined, and man, there existed a pre-arranged harmony, a spousal union, in which the part assigned to man, as a condition precedent, was one of simple receptivity, Nature doing the rest, was hardly possible to one with the iron of modern science in his veins.

Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate.

They had no vision for Nature's seamy side, for her indifference to human life and fate, her remorseless force, her frequent cruelty. They were blind to the real significance of the incident of *The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly*, which Wordsworth did not, or would not, see was typical of that struggle for existence which, with ruthless exactitude, divides the animal creation into two types, the devourers and the devoured. This side of Nature is fully recognized, though rarely obtruded, by Arnold, and is the explanation of that spice of discrimination with which his addresses to her are flavored. To him Nature was not always, nor entirely, the beneficent presence of Wordsworth's imagination. He had his reservations with regard to her. He was subdued by the thought of her tireless persistence, her large indifference, her baffling inscrutability. Of her indifference to the human lot, her immense impassivity, his illustration is pointedly effective. Wordsworth, her great high priest, who for two generations had offered incense daily at her shrine, dies. What then?

Rydal and Fairfield are there;

The Pillar still broods o'er the fields
Which border Ennerdale Lake,
And Egremont sleeps by the sea.
The gleam of the Evening Star
Twinkles on Grasmere no more,
But ruin'd and solemn and gray
The sheepfold of Michael survives;
And, far to the south, the heath

Still blows in the Quantock coombs,
By the favorite waters of Ruth.

So it is, so it will be for aye.
Nature is fresh as of old,
Is lovely; a mortal is dead.

Compare this with Wordsworth's sonnet *On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples*, or that *On the Expected Death of Mr. Fox*, where Nature is made to identify herself with the poet's mood of sadness; and the distance that separates the younger and the elder interpreter is at once realized.

The disparity is further accentuated in relation to Nature's attribute of inscrutability. It is significant of the changed aspect of thought since Wordsworth's day that the notion of surrendering one's mind to external influences, remote and mysterious in their operation, of being content to feel rather than perceive, to enjoy rather than know, savors of simplicity to a generation which has crossed the threshold of the twentieth century. Passiveness, wise or unwise, is out of fashion now. We are possessed by a questioning spirit; we clamor for proof and confront the unintelligible with *what* and *how*. Wordsworth's communion with Nature was undisturbed by any such "suggestions to disquietude." But Arnold, with the *Zeitgeist* ever at his elbow, was impelled to examine the credentials which Wordsworth took on trust. The effect is seen in the chastened tone of his interpellation as compared with Wordsworth's impassioned invocation; and in his consciousness of man's littleness confronted with Nature's vast inscrutability.

Ye know not yourselves; and your
bards—
The clearest, the best, who have read
Most in themselves—have beheld
Less than they left unreveal'd.

Yourselves and your fellows ye know
not; and me,

The mateless, the one, will ye know?
Will ye scan me, and read me, and tell
Of the thoughts that ferment in my
 breast,
My longing, my sadness, my joy?

Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was
 theirs,
Have dream'd that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy.
—They are dust, they are changed,
 they are gone!
 I remain.

This is a far cry from Wordsworth, yet even so it serves to establish Arnold's identification with him in one important particular, the belief in a living principle in Nature. In the same poem Arnold scrutinizes, and, in a burst of lyrical fervor rare with him, rejects the counter-hypothesis of Coleridge, that Nature is in man and has no separate existence, that

— we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.

Arnold lacks the intense perceptive power of Wordsworth in contact with the outward aspects of Nature. That mood of rapt absorption in which Wordsworth's imagination becomes fused to a white heat of concentration, and all things visible and audible, save one, pass from out his ken, was beyond the range of Arnold's temperament. Neither was he susceptible of being kindled into super-lachrymose emotion by the sight of "the meanest flower that blows," nor capable of discerning the spiritual significance that lay in the lesser celandine. Nevertheless, Arnold was a true lover of Nature, of Nature in her modesty, as seen under an English sky. His transcriptions have a charm all their own, due to a combination of truth and simplicity of presentment with grace and delicacy of finish. He has no claim to Tennyson's magical felicity of words, wealth of detail, and

glow of color. On the other hand, unlike that master-limner (who, for the most part, sees in Nature a fair inanimate presence and no more), Arnold never sits down of set purpose to limn a landscape, or otherwise transcribe her outward aspects. Even in *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gipsy*, where the sense of locality suffuses the entire poem, it is yet in strict subordination to the human element. In all his greater efforts, Nature, however prominent, is merely the background to human events or human passions:

Yet through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobb I know not what ground-
 tone
Of human agony.

A classical instance in point is afforded by *Sohrab and Rustum*, notable also for Arnold's power of turning a natural description into a sedative for the feelings. At the supreme moment of the tragedy the attention of the reader is diverted, and the otherwise too poignant sense of human pain assuaged, by the spectacle of the Oxus, moving in majestic impassivity, through the "hush'd Chorasman waste" to its home in the Aral Sea. For purity of diction and sustained descriptive power the last eighteen lines of this poem would be hard to parallel.

The study of Nature, in all her moods and tenses, has proceeded far since Wordsworth's day. After his own fashion it has become indeed a common item of the journalist's equipment. The microscopic particularity of detail, the detective ingenuity in unearthing material minutiae, the anxiety to account for everything, which mark these lucubrations, prompt the question, whether this is exactly the right method to arrive at the truth about Nature, in the way either of interpretation or description? Wordsworth, who spoke as one having authority and not as these

scribes, held that "Nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms," and anathematized her analysts as those who "murder to dissect." It were well to consider whether curiosity of this type does not defeat its own end by missing the universal in the search after the particular. In spite of all this elaborate inquisition her processes yet remain infinitely mysterious, and her commonest phenomena a perpetual miracle. And so long as this is so, so long as mystery and wonder have dominion over the mind of man, the poet must continue to occupy a prerogative place among her interpreters. On this ground alone Arnold has a security of tenure, not the less permanent in that his interpretation is free from mysticism, does not strain credulity, and offers no compromise with fact.

Arnold's superb self-containment, never once at fault, wedded to his instinct for criticism, was an effectual bar to anything in the nature of intellectual subservience. But, if there were any man whom he regarded with a feeling akin to idolatry, that man was Goethe. No influence penetrated so deeply or so permanently into his mind. There was, indeed, what Goethe would have called an elective affinity between the two. To both had been given, in varying degrees, the gift of many-sidedness,—not a characteristic of either branch of the Teutonic race. Both laid stress on the self-culture that makes for self-possession, for lucidity, for equipoise of mind. Both had the Olympian temperament, Goethe as a kind of demi-god serenely detached from sublunary passions and events, Arnold with something of the composure, the bland aloofness of a famous consulting-physician. The nature and extent of Goethe's influence on Arnold is difficult to define with precision. Perhaps it is best described as "a way of looking at things," the power of get-

ting outside oneself, the quality in short, of intellectual disinterestedness.

— Goethe's course few sons of men
May think to emulate.

For he pursued a lonely road,
His eye on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man.

The identity of aim expressed by the last line will be familiar to everyone acquainted with Arnold's theological lucubrations of a later date.

Dissimilar, even divergent, in essential features, these three formative influences have one point of resemblance, which become one of Arnold's marked characteristics. The majestic placidity of the Greek masters, the meditative stillness of Wordsworth, and the imperturbable serenity of Goethe,—each is a constituent of that atmosphere of calm of which one becomes conscious the moment one crosses the threshold of Arnold's poetry, a calm as of "The huge and thoughtful night." Calm, peace of mind, tranquillity of spirit, are the inspirations of Arnold's lyrical cry. The fervor of his aspiration after these is the measure of his mental disquiet, his spiritual unrest. Physical calm, the calm of "mute insensate things," such as Nature holds, was balm to his spirit. So sensitive is he to its appeal, that even its semblance has power over him; and the tomb in the *Church of Brou*, with its recumbent effigies of the pious foundress and the husband lost to her in early youth, becomes to him an emblem of eternal peace, begetting a sense of tranquillity that finds expression in lines whose pensive grace and grave beauty place them almost beyond criticism.

Arnold is no elaborator of language like Keats and Tennyson. He makes no attempt to titillate the palate of the literary epicure with the unexpected

but inevitable word. To the music of words, the "golden cadences" of poetry, he is manifestly indifferent. But he is a master of phrase, and phrase often of peculiar potency. Take, for instance, the oftquoted,

Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

There is nothing essentially poetic in the phrase. Yet it strikes the mind and lodges there; and, in virtue of this quality of adhesiveness, has become part of the current coin of literary allusion. Its effectiveness lies in its conciseness, in the compression of a complete epitome of character into eight words. Another example of this concentrated power of characterization is to be found in the sonnet to Shakespeare:

Others abide our question. Thou art free.

We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still.

Equally concise is his characterization of Byron as a poetical force:

He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.

Could the most compendious criticism say more? Or take this, on another aspect of the same poet:

— who bore,
With haughty scorn which mocked the smart,
Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart.

The sarcastic scorn of the last line gives to the portrait something of the acid-bitten sharpness of an etching.

Arnold's poetry abounds in strong lines of this type. Finest of all is the culminating line of *To Marguerite*:

The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

For sheer expressiveness, for concise-

ness, and for cumulative force that is not surpassed by anything in the language. Charles Lamb objected to Wordsworth's "Broad open eye of the solitary sky," as "too terrible for art." What would he have said to the line just quoted? Or to this, "Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea"? Or to the terrible realism of,

— the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world?

Finally, not to over-labor the point, here is an example of Arnold's gift of compression,—the more notable in that the tendency of English poetry is towards the diffuse. It is taken from *Obermann Once More*, and refers to the subjugation of the East by Rome:

The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

Eight lines—two verses—an *Iliad* in an epigram!

Quitting these external features for others more salient, a word has to be said about a quality which gives Arnold's poetry a place apart, which is, in fact, its dominating characteristic,—its power of pathos. Pathos with Arnold is not a mere occasional note vibrating fitfully in this or that poem; it is the ground-tone of all his work. It may be occasionally inspired by his subject, as in *Sohrab and Rustum*, where it is calm, majestic, poignant; but for the most part its genesis is apparently unconscious. It has the appearance of being something inherent, something suffused and inseparable. And it is unique in kind. The pathos of Wordsworth,—to make but one comparison—is mute and dry-eyed (as in *Michael*), an *iron* pathos. That of Arnold is sur-

fused with tenderness, the tenderness of a strong, self-contained, manly nature, a *tremulous* pathos. An instance, —at once of the quality of it and of Arnold's command over it—is afforded by the *Forgotten Merman*. The bare title of the poem is suggestive of the ludicrous, of a manifestation, let us say, of chastened jocundity. But the suggestion does not survive beyond the first stanza. Who that has once read it can forget that haunting refrain, "Come away children, call no more!" Cavillers may object that the whole poem is a glaring instance of the Pathetic Fallacy. It may be; but what logic is proof against the appeal of this?

Children dear, were we long alone?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan;
"Long prayers," I said, "in the world
they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through
the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy
down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the
white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets,
where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy
hill.
From the church came a murmur of
folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing
airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones
worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the
small leaded panes.
She sat by the pillar; we saw her
clear:
"Margaret, hie! come quick, we are
here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy
book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the
door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Who would not wish to have written that? The same perception of the "sense of tears in mortal things" is to be found in those poems in a lighter vein which commemorate his favorites, the dachshounds of Geist and Kaiser, and the canary, Poor Matthias. The half-playful, half-ironic note at starting, deepens into the tremulous as "sad compunctionous visitings" assail the poet at thought of the impassable barrier that shuts him off from complete comprehension of, and sympathy with the poor dumb things; recollections of their artless devotion, memories of unreturning days when little hands, now cold and still, caressed them, rise up before him,

————— and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

"Poetry," said Arnold, in a much-discussed definition, "is at bottom a criticism of life." So regarded, the scope and character of his own contributions are sufficiently indicated in his own words, previously quoted, that "it reflects the main movement of mind of its period." The poetry of Tennyson has a similar claim,—similar but not quite identical. For while it reflects with accuracy the current phase of thought, that of Arnold is rather the mirror of his own mind. Both are given to introspection, but Arnold, having the more self-contained nature, shows greater mental independence. His insight into the tendency of things was deeper; and he was rather an anticipator of the general trend of thought than, like Tennyson, a delineator of the intellectual mood of the hour. As a consequence, while Tennyson, in this aspect, is enjoying the tranquil retirement of a classic, Arnold is only just now coming into his own. They had one point of contact; each had a clergyman of the Church of England for father. But while Tennyson,

to the last, retained something of the atmosphere of the rectory parlor, and in the realm of speculation remained very much of a fire-side adventurer, Arnold was early dominated by a questioning spirit,—the legitimate offspring of the liberalizing and latitudinarian tendencies of Arnold of Rugby.

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its
fire,
Show'd me the high, white star of
Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.

The logical issue of such a discipline as is here implied is scepticism; scepticism, that is, in its broadest sense, as a frame of mind implying detachment from the object; as, conversely, credulity implies identification with it. All enquiry involves doubt, and criticism in the high sense (the desire to see the object "as in itself it really is") involves scepticism. Now criticism, with Arnold, was an instinct rather than a faculty. His attitude towards things was not so much, *is this thing true, as, is it true to me?* Thus it came about that at the most impressionable period of life he passed unscathed through the ordeal of the Oxford Movement, which, in its purely local aspect, culminated during his undergraduate career of 1842-5; though, recalling what befell his friend and school-fellow Clough, and his younger brother Thomas Arnold, who were—the one temporarily, the other completely—vanquished by the glamor of Newman's personality, perhaps some share of Arnold's immunity should be ascribed to his infallible self-possession.

Oxford in 1845 (the year of Newman's secession to Rome, and of Arnold's election to a fellowship at Oriel, Newman's old college) stood at the parting of the ways. Men were split up into two camps, one of re-action, the other of advance. The former, dissat-

isfied with the present and recolling from the future, were turning to the past in quest of "the something deeper and truer." The latter, renouncing the guidance of tradition and authority, were pressing forward to seek truth amid wider horizons and zones of thought yet unsurveyed. Arnold, in this emergency, lingered in the *via media* that lay between the two. Conscious that the ages of faith were gone beyond recall, and that the staff of tradition was but a broken reed, he yet turned a longing gaze to the past and its lost illusions. The future, though his account lay there, he regarded with mistrustful eyes, sceptical of its holding the key to his perplexities. Thus,

Wandering between two worlds, one
dead,
The other powerless to be born,

he was, in effect, the poet of a period of transition.

Fifteen years after Arnold left Oxford Darwin's *Origin of Species* burst upon the world, to be accepted by many as a sign that the pangs of parturition were over, and the new world born. If it were, it was not the child of Arnold's desire. For science, with all its magnificent achievement in the interval, has not solved the problems of existence but rather intensified them. Its positive result, in that direction, seems to have been to affix a note of interrogation to all things in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. The questions which agitated the soul of Job three thousand years ago still survive to agitate the souls of men.

Though completely emancipated, intellectually, from the conventional hypotheses of theology, Arnold is careful to recognize the immense part they had played as a regenerative agency in the moral evolution of mankind. Disbelief with him does not involve antagonism. His attitude is rather one

of passive sympathy for a faith he cannot share. He knew that loss of faith in the old theological sanctions too often portended not merely indifference, but moral dryness and aridity of soul. Hence in his poems we have sceptical questioning alternating with spiritual yearning after faith and peace. Nowhere does the uplifting and transforming power of faith in Christ receive ampler recognition. Do we ask what was the secret of its power over the hearts and minds of men? Arnold makes Obermann reveal it in a single stanza:

*While we believed, on earth He went,
And open stood His grave.
Men call'd from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.*

Something of the rapture of that early time is caught by the poet in the act of recalling it, and suffuses his verse with an unwonted glow.

*Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught
away
My ravish'd spirit too!*

No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

But this golden vision of the time when "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy" is but a vision, and vanishes in contact with the chill breath of the austere literal present. Time was! But now?

*Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.*

These verses sufficiently illustrate Arnold's dominant mood, one of wistful sadness, of doubt tinged with hope. His attitude may be defined, for want

of a better term, as one of reverent agnosticism. Not wholly resigned, nor yet rebellious, he keeps his face towards the East, as one not without hope of a centre of repose as yet invisible. Bereft of faith, he yields no countenance to despair. Of the enervation and lethargy of spirit that often accompany loss of faith he has no trace. On the contrary, there is something exhilarating in the buoyancy of spirit with which he confronts his destiny, in the resiliency of his mind under the pressure of doubt. His condition involves no breach of moral continuity; his moral fibre is not relaxed but braced, not weakened but strengthened by the withdrawal of support.

*Hath man no second life? Pitch this
one high!
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our aim
to see?
More strictly, then, the inward judge
obey!
Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let
us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!*

Contrast that with Tennyson's declaration that the withdrawal of the hope of immortality would drive him to make his quietus with a chloroformed handkerchief, and decide which is the manlier attitude. There was in Arnold a strain of that old pagan stoicism which enabled a man under the sternest dispensation to keep his continence of soul. His debt to Epictetus stands confessed, but his closest affinity, on the ethical side, was with the evangelized stoicism of Marcus Aurelius. How close, may be gathered from the fact that it was to the *Meditations* of the pagan Emperor that he turned for consolation under the stroke of sorrow.³

It is an obvious criticism that Arnold's view of life was colored by the atmosphere of his time. To-day the

³ Prefatory Note by Mr. G. W. E. Russell to Arnold's "Letters;" London, 1895.

serious-minded layman regards the dilemmas of theological controversy with unemotional detachment, or at most with an interest purely occasional, as when they contribute to the vivacity of a Church-congress, or furnish some novel with a motive of a mildly stimulating kind. It is therefore difficult for him to realize the amount of spiritual perturbation which these, or similar dilemmas, involved half-a-century ago, when men of the intellectual calibre of Arnold and Clough, forced by the remorseless logic of events to abandon their belief in the old theological sanctions, found themselves adrift on an unknown sea, without chart, or compass, and with the old celestial lights gone out or in eclipse, despairing of rescue, and fearful of shipwreck,—mere creatures of vicissitude. Arnold escaped shipwreck, but his deliverance was stoical rather than spiritual. Even so, the experience cut deep. Though he attained to self-mastery, as his poems show, beneath the surface serenity there lurks, for him who has eyes to discern it, the memory of the gray depths of that unfathomable sea.

Arnold's view of life is undoubtedly drab-colored; and the prevailing hue is accentuated by the absence of any prospective gleam of brighter things. Material progress holds no guarantee of advance in the sphere of the moral and spiritual; and it is a moot point whether the glory of intellectual conquest, in the domain of science, has not blunted the edge of some of our finer susceptibilities. Whether, for example, the discovery that most things, from the swinging of the spheres to the falling of a leaf, are governed by fixed and inexorable laws, the hypothesis that relegates the ancestry of man to a place ("probably arboreal") among the higher mammalia, and the subsidiary hypotheses that cluster round that blessed word *evolution*, the struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, heredity

and environment as determinants of character,—whether these things have not contributed to slacken some of the springs of human action, to intensify and conserve the selfishness innate in human nature, and evolve a philosophy of fatalism? Be this as it may, the thought of the increasing selfishness of life, of human alienation, weighed upon Arnold, and inspired some of his most poignant lines.

Yes! In the sea of life ensiled,
With echoing straits between us
 thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.

There is poignancy, too, in his reflection on the mutability of earthly relationships under the stress of modern life. As a ship upon the waters, he says:

Even so we leave behind,
As, chartered by some unknown Powers,
We stem across the sea of life by night,
The joys which were not for our use
 design'd;—
The friends to whom we had no natural right,
The homes that were not destined to
 be ours.

Uncompromising sincerity is the note of Arnold's poetry on the ethical side. He never takes refuge in evasion. On the contrary, he will often resort to contrast to heighten the effect of his protestation. In *The Scholar Gypsy*, the aimless effort, the jaded spirits, the strife without hope of his own day, are set against the power of concentration, the untiring pursuit of an ideal, the accordance of aspiration with endeavor, exhibited by the man "who saw one clue to life and followed it,"

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

Just as the keynote of Wordsworth's philosophy of life is *Enjoy!* so that of

Arnold's is *Endure*! "Live nobly, be not merely of the earth earthy, strive against straitness of soul, and keep your vision clear,"—these are the chords he strikes throughout his poetry, and clearest and sharpest in the long final soliloquy of *Empedocles*. In *Resignation* Nature herself is made to identify herself with the poet's utterance, and to enforce the lesson of endurance. To endure,

And waive all claims to bliss, and try to bear,
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,

is not the highest philosophy, but at least it transcends that of indifference or despair. And as Arnold would have said, it is the highest permitted to us. Not until

One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again

breaks over a jaded world, will men recapture the spiritual exaltation born of aspiration and self-surrender, or the poet's tongue be loosened as by pentecostal fire. But that day is not yet; and Arnold was too sincere a man, and too completely the child of his age, to act the part of herald to its dawn. Meantime, the function of the poet, so far as he may permit himself an ethical purpose, is, in Arnold's view, the humble one of warning his fellow men against illusions, of inculcating patience and persistence, of widening the bounds of human sympathy, and of guarding against moral and spiritual dryness by insisting on the truth (once a truism) that a livelihood is not a life. Joy, indeed, must be resigned, but in lieu thereof there may come peace, and, to those who achieve it, "glimpses that may make them less forlorn," moments when

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur; and
he sees

The meadow where it glides, the sun,
the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.

And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

So much by way of consolation and hope Arnold concedes, and no more. Old men might dream dreams and young men see visions; but to him

Fate gave what chance shall not control,

His sad lucidity of soul.

To be neglected by one's own generation and welcomed by that of fifty years later, to be placed by time in nearer instead of remoter relations with posterity, is fame of a rare kind, but Arnold has achieved it. Its permanence is another question. Security of tenure, in the domain of poetry, rests on titles other than popular suffrage. The phases of thought and moods of feeling which Arnold reflects, and which ensure his popularity to-day, are touched with mutability, and will pass, and with them much of his present vogue. But with all deductions, there will still be left a body of work beyond the caprice of popular sentiment, sufficient to secure to him a permanent place in the hierarchy of English poets. That place will be short of the highest, for, in the sequel, poetical supremacy is determined mainly by the gift of the lyrical *afflatus*, and to this Arnold has small claim. Nor has he, in any high degree, the gift of imagination. He lacks the strength of pinion of the immortals. Of the ecstasy of self-abandonment under the sway of emotion or the domination of passion, which is the essence of pure lyric, he has no trace. Nor is he ever possessed by his subject after the manner of

Wordsworth. He is too self-contained for the first, too self-conscious for the second. His poetry, in short, is not inevitable enough.

On the other hand, his very limitations on the lyrical side provided him with a compensating quality which, by reason of its rarity, gives its possessors their own peculiar place in English literature, the quality of *distinction*. "Of this quality," said Arnold himself, "the world is impatient: it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it: it ends by receiving its influence and by undergoing its law. This quality at least inexorably corrects the world's blunders, and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet." More concretely, it is the quality which, by common consent, attaches pre-eminently in our own literature to the work of Milton and of Gray. With many diversities, the two poets have several points of contact, easily established by comparison; and, taking these, distinction may be said to connote a heightened self-consciousness, an aristocratic selectness, something of the fastidiousness of the artist and the scholar, in combination with a high seriousness of purpose and an assured power of style—these, and the undefinable something that eludes analysis and imparts the final touch of identity to the poet's achievement. All these Arnold possesses. His work, in its chaste perfection of form, its purity of style, its restraint, its dignity of pose, makes something of the same sort of appeal to the æsthetic sense as a Greek statue. The likeness even extends, on occasion, to the external quality of marmoreal coldness; and, not to strain the analogy too far, as there are flaws in marble, so in Arnold's work the artistic completeness is occasionally marred by a defective sense of

rhythm. It is in elegy that Arnold's power as a poet receives its truest expression. For there the pensive grace and melancholy charm peculiarly his, blending with the other essentials of his verse, produce that individual and incommunicable accent which reveals the master.

The source of Arnold's appeal to-day, speaking broadly, lies in his sincerity, in his feeling for reality. He keeps near "the sure and firm-set earth"; and this, despite the touch of austerity that informs all his best work, makes him, in his more personal moods, the most companionable of poets for a work-day world. Moreover, there is an atmosphere about his poetry that is good to breathe. There are occasions when the

— immortal air,

Where Orpheus and where Homer are,

is a thought too rarefied for mundane needs; as there are others when the languorous atmosphere that pervades much of modern poetry is apt to prove unsatisfying. As a corrective to the insipidity and enervation which such moods imply, experience prescribes a tonic air that shall brace the moral tissue and clarify the mind. And here is another appeal which this poet of fifty years ago has for the reader of to-day. As the jaded toiler of the city is glad at times to fly from its stir and fret and renew his flagging energies in the revivifying air and tranquillizing stillness of mountain or moorland, so may he who is weary of the perplexed labyrinth of the world and its Babel of philosophies turn aside at will and find rest and refreshment of spirit, and fortify his mind, in the "moral mountain-air" that blows through the pages of Matthew Arnold; he may forget awhile the manifold dissonances of life, as one amid "the cheerful silence of the fells."

Thin, thin, the pleasant human noises
grow,

And faint the city gleams;
Rare the lone pastoral huts—marvel not
thou!

The solemn peaks but to the stars are
known,

Macmillan's Magazine.

But to the stars, and the cold lunar
beams;

Alone the sun rises, and alone
Spring the great streams.

William A. Sibbald.

A TURKISH FARM.

"One first single to Colophon," said the traveller abstractedly to the Greek ticket-clerk, and waited for an answer. But the Greek gazed in blank astonishment through the wicket until the traveller awoke from dreams of the past and repeated the request in gesture, coupled with the name of a more modern destination.

To one who knows Smyrna, Caravan Bridge Station might serve as a type of the jumble of East and West that greets him at every street corner. The very name carries him back to the days before railway-trains, when the strings of camels brought in the rich stores of Asia Minor to the greatest of its ports, and behold! on either side of the gates that close the level crossing while the train passes, there are the strings of camels waiting still with their loads of grain or of charcoal, and between the cypresses of the Turkish cemetery the caravans pass up and down across the bridge with a jingling of bells and a padding of soft feet in the dust. Immemorial custom is not to be altered by so paltry a contrivance as the railway, and in spite of iron roads and clamorous officials most of the merchandise comes down to the sea in the old fashion, the stolid felt-clad driver leading, on his tiny donkey, and the great scornful beasts of burden following, slowly, sleepily, the very embodiment of oriental indifference. The hustling steam devil must have caught the spirit of the country; slowly he

dragged the train round the foot of Mount Pagas, painfully he labored through the smiling valley of the Tachtali Chai, long he lingered at the way-side stations while the engine-driver and the guard and most of the passengers exchanged compliments with the station-master and the porter—if I may dignify by that name one clad in torn and baggy trousers of blue cotton, a yellow waistcoat, and a white felt skull-cap. As we proceeded the prospect widened. To the left the view was bounded by the snowy line of Tmolus, Tmolus of the gold-laden stream which brought the wealth of Cræsus down to his city of Sardis; to the right rose a chain of wooded hills, and behind them the topmost peak of the island of Samos. Over all the plain lay the first magic of the spring; every tree was jewelled with bursting buds which, like the cestus of the goddess, adorned without concealing; the fields were green with corn and the banks set with irises and narcissus, and with anemones of every shade from white to scarlet, from lavender to deepest purple. It was the plain of Colophon, horse-breeding like that of Argos; the famous cavalry must have ranged it in the brave days when to send the horsemen of Colophon into action was to end the fight, for which reason, and because language is the handmaid of history, the name of the city lives on in our speech with the

sense of a termination. How rich the plain is still you may gather from the fact that a little farther up the line lies a big farm belonging to the Sultan, and wherever the Sultan holds private property, there the property is sure to be worth holding. All this country under the hills was ruled once by a great family of Beys, independent princes like the Kara Osmans, the princes of Karamania, and, like the Kara Osmans, deposed and ruined, their great house fallen into decay, their descendants beggared and forgotten. Two generations back a Dutch merchant of sporting proclivities, head of one of the houses which formed the Dutch company trading with the Levant, cast his eyes upon the wooded hills stocked with panther and with boar, bought a small farm-house near the gorge through which the Tachtali Chai pierces its way to the Ægean Sea, and came out for recreation with his dogs and his gun. He saw the fall of the Turkish princes, his predecessors, and protected the last of them when the hand of the Sultan fell heavily upon them. His son, sharing his tastes, added, not field to field, but forest to forest and marsh to marsh, so that his grandchildren inherited twenty thousand acres of wood and mountain and valley, fruitful an hundredfold to him who drains and ploughs and clears.

Devellikeyi! the name was written up in Turkish and Greek and French on a tiny station some six miles from the hills and the train stopped that an Albanian, a Circassian, and a couple of velled Turkish women might alight. The handsome wife of the Greek station-master put her head out of the window to see the arrivals, true descendant she of those beautiful Smyrniotes who roused Kinglake to eloquent passages. Unfortunately they no longer wear the lovely dress, half-Western, half-Oriental, which lent them such charm in his day, but it is packed away somewhere

in the family boxes—"the dress of my grandmother"—and the gold chains and ornaments which belonged to it are brought out on high days and festivals of the Orthodox Church. A covered cart was waiting at the station, and with it an escort consisting of a gaily dressed Greek, mounted on an ambling nag, and armed with a rifle, for on a Turkish farm even the shepherd will sling a gun over his shoulder when he goes out to tend his sheep. The driver cracked his whip and set off jauntily, as one who takes a little stroll down Piccadilly. But let no one, except he have sound bones, attempt to pass over the roads from Devellikeyi to Malcajik. Roads indeed! mere tracks through the cornfields, a world too wide (but an acre or two wasted by the wayside is of no consequence where land is to be had for the asking) innocent of stones, rutted deep into the soft soil, and the ruts filled by the spring rains which had made the countryside so green and smiling. Presently an unusually big morass obliged the driver to throw himself on the mercy of a neighboring bank, along which he sped with swift and careless equanimity, turned a sharp corner at an angle of 45°, and continued with one wheel in the marsh and the other on the rising ground high above it, to which it clung by the special mercy of Providence. When the track grew definitely too difficult even for that courageous whip, he turned off and took to a grass-field full of anemones, which offered considerably better going than the Sultan's highway. The only visible attempt to mend the road was where a pond of mud had been half-filled with branches, an expedient which will never supersede the principles of Macadam. The whole drive was more of the nature of steeple-chasing than of carriage exercise, the last obstacle on the course being no other than the river itself. Down a

slope of pebbles rattled the cart, and at a hand-canter (and with much splashing) the pony dashed through the water and up the opposite bank. Other means of transit there were none, save where a picturesque and narrow foot-bridge spanned a pool to which the village cattle came down to drink under the budding plane branches.

And so to the farm, a white house standing unpretendingly by the roadside at the entrance of the village street, with a line of pollarded sycamores in front of it. By the doorway is a rough seat formed of two big stones, and this is the Court House of the village, where the proprietor administers justice during the off moments of the day. One who farms in Turkey must be willing to lay his hand to many ploughs besides that which turns the furrow, and to play the part of sheikh or bey or head of the family as his tenants may demand. Accordingly you may see often enough a suppliant standing before the primitive justice-seat under the sycamores, a dark-faced gipsy, perhaps, talking volubly and punctuating his sentences by bending down and touching the dust at his hearer's feet till his prayer shall be answered, and the marauding camel, which had been found in a neighbor's cornfield, led out of the stable and restored, with a warning, to its owner.

The population of the village is singularly diversified. The main part of it consists of Turks and Greeks, for the farm lies in the belt of Greek-inhabited country which stretches along the seaboard. The orthodox church is a conspicuous object in the village square. It boasts a wooden tower, constructed by a local carpenter in emulation of the glories of Smyrna. Though it leans over to the south with a most decided inclination, it is none the less the glory of Malcajik. Many good towers have a similar peculiarity, and as for solidity, why, the campa-

nile of Pisa stands, and that of Venice has fallen. The church itself makes no claim to architectural merit. It consists of a whitewashed room, furnished with tall gilt candelabra and crystal sconces which hang before the gaily pictured altar-screen. One of these pictures must have had a curious history. It represents the favorite saint of the Eastern world, whether it be Orthodox or Mohammedan, St. George, slaying a small but vivacious dragon, with a blue sea and a red-roofed Dutch town in the background, and it is riddled with bullet-marks made by the rifles of the Bashi-bazouks in the wars at the beginning of last century. The mellowing varnish gives a pleasant glow to the red roofs and the European landscape, so oddly transported from their home to adorn an Asiatic village. The Turks have their mosque farther up the street by the edge of a stream, where good Mohammedans can perform the prescribed ablutions. Over the doorway is written in Arabic a verse from the Koran: "Upon the Faithful prayer is enjoined," and though none, I fancy, can read the words of the holy book except the Molah who leads the prayers, the injunction is kept rigorously by the congregation. Outside the village, a few cypress-trees mark the Moslem cemetery; and farther away two more of the dark straight spires of death grow upon the spot where some men were murdered by robbers long ago. It is only recently that the robber bands have disappeared,—indeed, one of the present owner's family was captured by them and held to ransom. He was treated with the utmost civility, and a polite message was despatched to the farm explaining the cause of his absence. The money was duly found, and he parted with his hosts—if I may so call them—on the best of terms. They understand the ordering of these matters in Asia Minor.

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Greeks and Turks get on well enough together, with occasional tiffs, which are generally due to the graspingness of the former. When they differ, the disentangling of rights and wrongs is no easy matter; it needs a natural instinct backed by long years of training to direct aright the sword of the blind goddess in the East. While I was at the farm, a Greek girl was brought in for protection with the following tale. Her father was accused of wishing to make her turn Mohammedan and marry a rich Turk who had already a wife or two. The Turk had offered her father a hundred pounds for the girl—at least so said a Greek miller of her village, whose testimony was scarcely to be called unbiassed, since he admitted that he also wished to marry her. As for the cause of the discord, her views were uncertain, except that she firmly refused to marry the miller; meantime she stayed contentedly at the farm as a servant, and I trust she has since settled her matrimonial difficulties by selecting a spouse of her own persuasion in Malcajik. Here, as everywhere, the 'shifty Greek works hard and prospers. The Turk, good fellow as he is, law-abiding and trustworthy, sits idle, and falls daily into greater poverty. He is satisfied if he can keep the wolf from the door, and even if the wolf's nose be well over the threshold, he will merely retreat to the farther end of his house, hoping, *Insha'llah*, that the animal will come no farther. But wives and children must be fed, be it ever so meagrely, and with reluctance he finds himself obliged to drive his master's buffaloes afield and prune the vines with his master's knife, receiving in return a quarter of the produce of corn and wine.

It is not amiss in these times, when our feelings are daily lacerated by descriptions of atrocities, to bear witness to the fine qualities of the Turkish peasant, and to the fact that where, as

on the coast of Asia Minor, his Government does not spur him on to evil, he lives at peace with his neighbors of every creed. The wealth and the authority of the European colony in Smyrna have enabled it to exercise a prevailing influence upon the officials in and about the town. At the worst moment of the Armenian massacres there were indeed signs that they desired to incite the Mohammedan population to similar horrors in Smyrna: they were held back by the strong representations of the European merchants, and the danger was averted. Unprompted, there was no national instinct which would have led inevitably to the slaughter of Greek or Armenian. The well-wishers of Turkey, of the people, not of the Government (and I will venture to say that the well-wishers are all who know the Turkish peasant), can hope for no better result from the intolerable disorders that reign in the European provinces than that the Turk should be driven back into Asia. European Turkey is nothing but a burden to the Asiatic provinces. The heavy price of the long frontier defences, the price of waste and war and rebellion, is paid out of the pocket of the Malcajik farmer and his like, upon whom fall also the death-duties of a legacy of misgovernment, of brutality and of hatred.

Yuruks form the next great division of the population. They are nomads divided into many tribes, some of Turkoman, others of Semitic, origin, and all alike ruled on the tribal system by beys. The Ottoman Government, in order to facilitate taxation and conscription, has ordered them to build houses and leave their roving life; but the order is obeyed in a very half-hearted manner, the mud houses being allowed to fall into ruin, while their owners roam the surrounding country in their black tents as of old. Then come the gipsies, a thieving, roguish

lot, speaking a tongue of their own, but eager to show off a sketchy acquaintance with many others, carrying the same ill-fame with them wherever they go, and, except the Jews, the most widely distributed race on the earth's surface. You cannot answer for it that the bold-eyed woman who stands smiling before you in the Eastern sunlight is not as well acquainted with your native town as you are. A German military *attaché*, who was travelling with a friend in the uttermost parts of Asia Minor, came across a camp of these ingratiating children of the Evil One, and riding through it, his companion, though ignorant of the East, yet recognized the familiar type, and exclaimed in disgust, "Sie sind lauter Zigeuner!" Whereat a wrinkled old hag standing by her tent door laughed aloud and shouted back to him, "Ja! Zigeuner sind wir! aus Berlin!" But the most curious inhabitants of the village are the Tachtagis, a strange race of whom little is known, but who are supposed to be a part of the indigenous population. As their name implies, they are woodcutters, and like the Yuruks they are passing from a nomad to a settled existence; for though they generally prefer to keep to the hills, to which the many invaders of their country have driven them, some few of them are to be found living in the villages. Outwardly professing Mohammedanism, they follow a secret religion, and serve a God who is popularly supposed to be worshipped with devilish rites. They are ruled by priests, who travel round like justices in eyre to settle disputes, and hold a yearly religious gathering at dead of night in the graveyard. Their ceremonies and customs are unlike those of their fellow-countrymen. When one of them marries, the bride is paraded round the village covered with woven rugs, on the top of which is laid a red cloth decked with flowers and colored muslins. She rides a horse on

which a fine carpet has been spread, and whoever lends the horse takes the carpet—a system which would seem to offer a strong incentive to neighborly kindness. The Tachtagis are bound by a secret oath, and keep no promise made without it. Some years ago the proprietor of the farm, having borne with their lying and stealing to the breaking-point of endurance, threatened to turn them out bag and baggage, and was proceeding to put the threat into execution when the headman came to him, and, under the seal of secrecy, revealed the Tachtagi oath, and bound himself and his people by it to keep the peace, since when there has been no trouble with them. In the winter there is also a floating population of Albanian laborers, brought over by enterprising contractors, for whom they work for four or five months, and at the end receive a wage of £5. The contractor is by way of keeping them and feeding them: he keeps them in an outhouse, and feeds them on the smallest possible allowance of hard bread, and from one end of the winter to the other they never sleep warm or touch a warm meal. Yet they come over in hundreds every year, which throws an unpleasant light on the possibilities of life in the Albanian highlands.

With all these varied tillers of the soil, barely a hundredth part of Asia Minor is under cultivation. Of the twenty thousand acres which lie around the farm only five thousand are cultivated; the rest consists of scrub and wooded hills, which are not entirely without profit, much less without pleasure, to their owner. The narrow gorges of the forests are filled with game; the thick underwood is the home of the wild boar; in the caves above are the lairs of panther and jackal; and high over all, in the holes of the topmost rocks, live the pigeons and the eagles. The gorges used to be the haunt of brigands, and so great was the fear of

them that until five years ago the mill up in the mountains had fallen into disuse; but now security reigns, and the miller has returned, and lives with the sound of the rushing stream and the grinding of the mill-wheels for ever in his ears. In the spring the scrub is white and gold with heather and gorse, and here the Yuruks pitch their tents and pasture their cows and camels. We passed an encampment one afternoon in the course of a long ride, and were invited in. Under the thin black goat's-hair shelter, full of holes, through which the north wind entered, an unwelcome guest, we sat on a carpet of honor by the wood fire, while the head of the family roasted and boiled coffee, and set before us a bowl of delicious unsalted butter and thin flaps of bread, the bread of the nomad all the world over. They entertained us with the simple courtesy of the East, giving of their best with a dignified hospitality which made it easy to accept and to enjoy. No false shame and no apologies spoiled a repast which was an equal honor to him who gave and to him who received it.

If the country were under a better government and the facilities for transport greater, its wealth would be incalculable. An Englishman catches himself at every moment considering what he might have done with it if it had been his. Everything grows, and grows in the greatest perfection. As for food, the farm is almost self-supporting, producing fruit and wine and corn, meat and milk and cheese, oil and vegetables and tobacco. And to crown all, a delicious climate. "These Ionians," says Herodotus, "have built their cities under the finest sky and climate we know of; for neither the regions that are above it, nor those that are below, nor the parts to the east or west, are at all equal to Ionia." There are, moreover, other products of the soil unrecognized by the farmer. The coasts of Asia

Minor are classic ground; scratch the earth but a very little and you are in a Greater Greece, the hardy Greece that occupied the richest parts of the Mediterranean littoral, the luxurious Greece that attracted, and submitted to, the Persian. Much of the legend and of the poetry which have been the finest romantic inheritance of Europe were born in the country near Malcajik. The very roots of Greek tradition are to be found not far off, where, on a hillside overlooking the plain of Hermus, the Niobe, a great tragic figure carved in the solid rock, guards the throne of Pelops and the foundations of the city of Tantalus. She sits like an embodiment of history, bending forward over her mighty knees and watching with sightless eyes the march of conquerors across the plain below. Homer sang of her, and Homer himself was a native of the land, Colophon being one of the seven cities which claim the honor of having given birth to him. The farm is full of traces of the past. Every bit of rising ground is crowned with a tumulus, on top a stratum of earth heaped up by the centuries, then the loose stones calcined with sacrificial fires and sprinkled with the bones of burnt offerings, and last the roughly set slabs forming the sarcophagus, and containing earthenware pots and gold ornaments and the bones of the hero who ruled at Colophon or rode in the famous horse. They laid him where his spirit could look out over the wide plain and back to the green hillside crowned with the walls of his own city, and hear the tramp of their horses' feet as they rode down to conquer Æolian Smyrna or to give the casting vote, which was the privilege of Colophon, at the assembly of the Panionium. When Colophon was founded, Mycenæ and Phœnicia ruled the Mediterranean; she welcomed the conquerors back from Troy; while Rome was building, Colophon was a great power, she saw the

rise and fall of the Lydian kings, and took part in the struggle with Persia. The ruined walls enclose a larger area than that of any of the early towns of Asia Minor, except Pteria. They must have been built shortly before the fall of the city, for they are of the finest Greek stone-work, resembling the walls of Lysimachus at Ephesus. The large dressed stones lie evenly together without the aid of mortar, and at intervals the line of the wall is broken by projecting towers, or by a gateway just wide enough to admit of a chariot passing through it, and the marks of the chariot-wheels are still visible on the stone threshold. An inner wall encloses the Acropolis, high placed on the spur of the hills, with a little plateau below it, deep in soil, which covers, perhaps, the palace of the first rulers and the rude dwellings of the first settlers. On the hillside behind the walls stretches a vast necropolis. Not too far from the sea for commerce and not so near that it would be open to the attack of hostile seafarers, the situation was ideal in the eyes of the Greek colonists. For a thousand years they prospered; but in the third century before our era Lysimachus, who walled Ephesus, extended the power of that city over the neighboring districts, to the detriment of Colophon. The town was captured and laid desolate, what remained of the inhabitants were carried off and settled on the edge of the sea at Notium, and the mother city was never re-peopled. Slowly the mountain streams forced their way through the streets, covered the lower town with a deep bed of silt, and broke down, where they passed, the strong girdle of the walls. The work of disintegration was also one of protection. All that escaped Lysimachus, all the wealth of a thousand years of Greece, lies buried under the river mud. No later settlement rose over the ruins of

that which he destroyed, no despoiling hand crushed the broken marbles into lime, or built them into fortress and dwelling—the kindly streams covered all alike, and who can tell what treasures lie waiting the excavator? "It is the richest site in Asia," said a German archaeologist. I believe the British Museum has obtained the necessary permit from the Turkish Government, and waits only for funds to begin operations; but we who have left the Cretan excavations to languish for want of a few thousands, though they opened a fresh and undreamt-of chapter of history, will presumably think twice before we put our hands into our pockets for the recovery of the possible treasures of Colophon. The German opened his eyes in amazement when I hinted at the difficulty. "Ah! yes," he said; "I have heard, but I scarcely believed. In England you can only get money for converting people to one of your many Churches. With us it is different."

Meantime the Turkish peasants in the little village under the poplar-trees at the foot of the hill drive their bullocks and their wooden ploughs over the soft soil below which the streets and temples of Colophon lie hidden, the olives spread their gray branches across the agora, and the roots of the arbutus-bushes find a passage through the close joints of the walls. No foe but Time can draw near the Acropolis, and Time himself is scarcely to be feared, for he ceased to move in Colophon two thousand years ago. The dead lie undisturbed in the great tumult by the city gates, the heroes that lived and fought before the history of Europe began, the mariners that bartered with Egypt and with Tyre, the poets that helped to frame the song of Troy. "Shut them in with their triumphs and their glories and the rest"—we must return to our vineyards and our cornfields.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS; OR, THE QUEST OF SUN YEN JOY.

PART I.

It gleamed, not in the soft depths of the tropical heavens, but beneath the sun-kissed waters of Torres Straits, where multitudinous tawny islands lie like rough nuggets in a sea of liquid turquoise. How long it had lain there, in its mother-of-pearl prison, or by what strange freak of nature the oyster had produced this wonderful cluster of symmetrically joined stones, it would be impossible to say. But on Christmas Eve Yagasaki, the Japanese diver, descending for the seventh time (as Sun Yen afterwards recalled), brought up in his diver's basket a pearl oyster of unusual girth. Yagasaki was a swimming diver, that is, he worked without a diver's dress; and he and the Malay man, Motu, hired their little shelling lugger from one Alexander McCarthy, a white storekeeper at Thursday Island, to whom by agreement they were bound to sell all their shell unopened, in return receiving from him stores and clothing and the hire of the boat. The agreement was open to objections on both sides, but under such circumstances matters have a way of righting themselves. If McCarthy sometimes underpriced the shell and overpriced his goods, the colored partners had the comforting assurance that the oysters handed over to him contained remarkably few pearls. The men took care of that. Now to "treat" a pearl oyster successfully without its subsequently showing signs of handling, requires some skill, and it was in this connection that Sun Yen Joy first obtained a footing in the firm.

Judged by European standards of morality Sun Yen would probably be

considered an extremely uncelestial little Chinese. Ever since he had been stolen from his parents by pirates on the Pi-Ho he had learnt to cringe, lie, and steal. Two gifts he possessed which under happier circumstances might have made him an artist like the greatest in his land; he had fingers of wonderful agility and a lively imagination, which fed on the tales of ghosts and demons of whom even his robber masters stood in dread. At one brief period in his life he had been captured by a good missionary and taken to the mission school. Here he was clothed and fed, taught to speak English other than the pigeon English of the traders, and acquired a dim, unreasoning reverence for a talisman called the Cross. The power of the Cross, he learnt, was greater than that of all his evil spirits.

So it came to pass that on this particular Christmas Eve he was engaged in carefully examining, with the eye of an expert, the unusually shaped oyster which Yagasaki had just thrown down.

"Me tink no good. No oyster so big have pearl," he remarked, glancing aslant at his masters.

"Try," commanded Yagasaki; but the Malay demurred. The fish was curiously incrustated, and it would be very difficult to open without breaking the valve, and so betraying their handiwork. A hot argument ensued, during which Sun Yen utilized his opportunity to get a private view of one or two other "illegitimate" oysters, but without a satisfactory result. Then the oyster was passed to him, and after some preliminary attempts he slid his knife between the joints and split it open. Simultaneously the three uttered a cry of amazement. Nestling loose in the

soft body of the fish lay a cruciform cluster composed of five pearls joined together, three lengthwise and two across. The one forming the left-hand arm was considerably undersized and the surface somewhat roughened, the others were all fine stones, slightly elongated in shape; so that the cluster measured over an inch in length and perhaps half as much in width.

Yagasaki drew it out with something more closely resembling reverence than had ever before entered into his soul. This feeling was not due to the symbolical form assumed by the precious cluster, nor indeed as a tribute to its beauty. Infinitely more to the purpose was the promise of price the cross conveyed. It would be a joy for exactly as long as he could keep possession of it. He wiped and folded it carefully into his waist-cloth, and handed the shells to Motu, who flung them overboard with an impolite expression. They were of little commercial value, being dull, as all old shell is.

There was no further attempt at diving. The day was already closing in, and the wind was unfavorable, so they dropped anchor, and lay down to rest.

That night Sun Yen had a fearful dream. The moon shone bright upon the waters; and by its light he saw Yagasaki the diver asleep in the stern, with one hand clasping the folds of his waistcloth, the other flung above his head. The shadow of a man fell athwart his face—a man creeping nearer, ever nearer. Sun Yen tried to cry a warning, but he was held dumb in the grip of the vision, while slowly, inch by inch, the crouching form came on. Now he had reached the diver; he drew himself erect; he raised his arm. There was a dull thud, a sudden splash in the water, and Sun Yen awoke and sprang to his feet, covered with a cold sweat. Or was it indeed sweat? The Malay was leaning over the edge of the boat and pointing to a

red stain on the wavelets. "The sharks have Yagasaki; he fell over," he said. But the boy saw that he held the cross of pearls in his hand, and that one dull red speck on the left arm sullied its purity. Sun Yen Joy had no pity for Yagasaki the diver, to whom, indeed, he owed scant kindness, but he lamented much at the indignity which had befallen the precious talismanic cross. But having learnt patience on the banks of the Pi-Ho, he lay down in silence and watched the stars fade one by one out of the violet sky, as the dawn broke in shafts of amber and rose and saffron over the placid waters of the bay, heralding in another Christmas morning.

PART II.

Halfway up the road from the landing stage at Port Kennedy there stood a little two-roomed wooden shanty, perched like a pigeon house on high piles. Roofed and patched with old kerosene tins, the rickety veranda undermined by white ants, it formed a wretched enough place for an hotel. But in a thirsty climate any shelter is good enough to drink under, and Peter Martyn, who kept the place, did a very considerable trade, chiefly among the colored shellers of the port.

Peter represented a type of white man which, like his shanty, has been well-nigh improved away. An old man-of-war's man, when cruising in the South Seas, he had landed with a boat's company in search of water. It was one of the many palm-fringed islands that stud the Pacific, beautiful with a soft seductive charm that steals away will, courage, manhood itself; and the women were kind. When the boat's company mustered on the shore, Peter Martyn was not to be found. For two years he lived the island life, a petty king in a bamboo palace. Then old habits reasserted themselves and he

longed for the distractions of civilization. So it came about that one day when a ship trading in copra (dried cocoanut) touched at the island he slipped away, leaving a dark-eyed little wife behind to weep over his loss. He next settled down at Port Kennedy, where, in contact with the mixed population of the pearl fisheries, he found his previous experiences useful.

It had been an unusually hot Christmas even for that torrid spot, where cool sea breezes rarely blow. Trade in consequence had been brisk, and it was past midnight before Martyn had cleared out the last customer, preparatory to retiring behind his mosquito curtains. Just then a footstep sounded on the pebbles, not the booted step of a white man, but the soft, catlike tread of a native's naked foot. Swearing a little at the interruption, he rose and looked over the veranda rail.

"Oh! Motu, is it you?" he said in a more cordial tone, for Motu and he had had dealings before, and never by day. Relighting the lamp, he motioned him into the front room, which served as a bar. "Well, let us see them," he said. The man, fumbling in his waist-cloth, produced his "find," and Martyn stared in astonishment. Pearls, white, brown and black, he had handled; pearls round, pear-shaped and shaped like acorns; "blisters," too, of great size and beauty; but never such a wonderful cluster as this.

The bargaining which ensued was keen. It was necessary to convince Motu that the value of five pearls joined together was not five times that of a single pearl; whereas the Malay's reckoning was quite the other way. Being Christmas time, Martyn had increased the strength of his spirits, and the Malay, drinking freely, had soon passed through the preliminary phases of noisy anger to a sullen quietude, which is the really dangerous state. But Martyn was too excited to notice close-

ly. At last a bargain was struck, and Martyn rose to fetch payment. Had he looked then towards the window he would have seen a pair of eyes set aslant in a parchment-like face, peering through the bamboo blind. Returning in a few moments he took the pearl from the table, and bent over the lamp to examine again the dark stain.

"Oh," he said, slowly, with a sailor's superstition, "I'm afraid that'll bring ill-luck." Suddenly he dropped the gem and struck out blindly to save himself from the Malay's descending knife. The blow was unexpected; but with such clients one is never altogether off guard. He closed instantly, and for a few seconds the men swayed to and fro, clutching and wrestling. Then the Malay's foot slipped. He fell backwards, striking his head heavily against the iron leg of the table and lay motionless.

Martyn stooped over him. A thin crimson stream oozed from a blow behind the left ear, his heart fluttered and then stopped. The trader picked up the pearl for the second time stained with blood, and, laying it on the table, turned again to the man. He was quite dead, and it would be necessary to inform the police. But there were things in the house which he would not care for the police to see—the little box in the inner room, for instance. He had not troubled to take out a license for buying pearls, never having found his trade suffer from the omission, and there might be awkward questions asked. He paused on the threshold of his shanty, glancing thoughtfully round and remembering certain things he must hide before the police came.

All at once, with a loud crash, the lamp in the room he had left fell over. A thin yellow arm had thrust itself through the window and hovered for a moment over the table. Martyn, suddenly roused, rushed from the house.

and, springing over the veranda, pursued a flying figure down the moonlit path. Alas for little Sun Yen Joy. His feet were less nimble than his fingers. Before he had gone two hundred yards he was in his adversary's grip, being shaken within an inch of his life, while his precious talisman, that he had been unable to secrete, slipped from his trembling fingers. Tears and protests were in vain, and Sun Yen had given himself up for lost, when on a sudden Martyn let him drop, and set off at full speed back to the shanty which was lighted up with a broad glare.

For an instant Sun Yen gazed bewildered; then his ordinarily solemn features relaxed into a smile. Truly it was a most excellent comedy. The lamp he had overturned had set fire to the building, and all his adversary's effects would undoubtedly perish, together with the wicked Motu, whom he had seen fall insensible. But the pleasure of beholding retribution on his enemies would not help him to his precious talisman, and though he searched long and carefully, sifting the sandy soil between his fingers, he failed to find it; and at last, as crowds of people attracted by the fire began to collect, he was obliged to take a sorrowful departure.

Sun Yen Joy lived in a very fashionable quarter of the Settlement—fashionable, that is to say, among his compatriots. Hitherto he had not found the need of a permanent residence, as he was usually at sea; but in the intervals of the shelling trade, when the typhoons blew up in the early part of the year, he indulged in a little well-earned rest in the house of friends, and indulged also that taste for opium smoking which had brought him into such disgrace with the good missionaries in the far-off days in China.

He enjoyed quite a reputation in his quarter; for, unlike most Chinese, who

are a thrifty race, he spent his wages liberally, such as they were; and moreover there was always the prospect of his securing some prize for himself in the course of testing oysters for others, in which case his fellow-countrymen naturally expected to have the business of disposing of it profitably. To do the boy justice, under ordinary circumstances he would have confided in his friends and enlisted their help to secure the pearl cluster, which belonged at least as much to him as to the Malay or the white dealer. But this was no common pearl to be priced by money, but an honorable image, worthy that many joss sticks should be burned before it, as he had seen done in the mission chapel at Canton. So he took counsel with himself, told nothing, but asked many questions.

A Chinese quarter is an excellent news agency. Every breath that penetrates from the outside wall is carefully recorded and stored up in the Celestial's unfailing memory; moreover, he has quite a talent for extracting unconsciously imported information. In this way, by cautious questionings, Sun Yen learnt most of what he required to know concerning the white dealer. Martyn's house had been burnt to the ground, and the entire contents destroyed. As nothing was said regarding a body, it was to be supposed that Motu's death was unknown to the police, and Sun Joy hugged his knowledge with secret satisfaction.

Yet whatever losses Martyn had sustained, he must still have had a considerable sum of money in the bank, for within the course of a few days word was passed round that the expulsi-
publican had taken passage by the British India Company's steamer *Merauki*, bound for Europe.

After what had passed Sun Yen Joy did not venture to reconnoitre in the neighborhood of Peter Martyn. In the course of his wanderings he had learnt,

what many wise men have failed to learn, the important part women play in the economy of life. Now no self-respecting white girl would dream of flirting with a little heathen Chinese, but a small present, a souvenir for services rendered, that is quite another matter. In this way the astute Sun Yen Joy managed to open up excellent relations with the young person who "assisted" in the boarding-house whither Martyn had betaken himself.

The fair Angelina Eileen entered fully into the spirit of her part, and played detective to such good purpose that she was soon able to report having seen Martyn, in the reflection on the glass fanlight above his door (the dangerous properties of which he had probably forgotten), examining carefully some small object which he had drawn from a bag round his neck. As he kept his room carefully secured and never ventured out at night, there was clearly no chance of appropriating the treasure. But when further investigations confirmed his belief that it was the pearl cross which he was thus carefully guarding, little Sun Yen Joy determined upon heroic measures.

Those only who understand the many obstacles which fence round an adult Chinaman's change of domicile, can fully appreciate the extent of the child's sacrifice. True, he would leave no kith or kin, never having known the father for whose soul he repeated, as a pious son, the prayers that ward off malignant demons. But in this new land he had met with people of his own blood and speech, and to quit them was to be utterly alone. He had experienced that the power of evil spirits was greater on water than on land; nay, the very conveyance in which he crossed the seas was driven by a mighty spirit, whose hoarse breathing he had often heard, and whose enchantments had more than once overcome and laid him prostrate.

These dangers had been safely overpast, and he had paid much money to slip secretly through to the island. Yet he was now abandoning his livelihood and resigning himself again to the mercy of the mighty fire-breathing water monster. And to what end? Sun Yen Joy would have found it hard to explain. For it is no explanation to a European to say that the power of the pearl talisman was drawing him, drawing him whither he knew not.

PART III.

The voyage of the *Merauki* was unique in the annals of the line. Three times did the captain receive complaints of the passengers' cabins having been entered and the contents searched, though, so far as could be told, nothing had been stolen. Mr. Peter Martyn was the greatest sufferer, but he did not carry his complaints to the captain, for a disagreeable feeling, amounting almost to superstition, had been creeping over him ever since the night of the fire, that he was constantly being watched, and that this surveillance had to do with the possession of the pearl cross. Not once or twice, but several times he had been awakened by the sensation of someone moving about his cabin, and though he felt secure about his treasure, having deposited it in the strong-room, he did not feel by any means so secure of his life.

He refrained from landing at any of the ports, and when he reached London he drove straight to a jewel dealer in the neighborhood of Mark Lane with whom he had had previous dealings. From his shop he emerged, after a very considerable interval of time, with a somewhat dejected countenance and a cheque on the London and Westminster Bank. He had realized far less than he expected, but he was told that the cluster might remain for many months unsold. Besides which it was a re-

markable ornament; questions would certainly be asked about it, and Martyn best knew whether he was prepared to answer them. On the whole he preferred to take his money; and so he passes out of view. When last he was heard of he had spent all he possessed and was working as a water-side character down the docks way.

The pearl cluster was placed in a glass case in Mr. Abraham Levy's window, where apparently he had no fear of its causing inconvenient questions. On the second day after its purchase, the manager noticed the face of a Chinese youth flattened against the plate glass in earnest scrutiny. A cat may look at a king, and a Chinaman may certainly look at jewels, but when he takes to haunting a place day after day, for hours together, he becomes a suspicious character and liable to the attentions of the police.

That was Sun Yen Joy's first introduction to the majesty of English law, and it may be doubted if he ever fully recovered from the shock, though he made subsequent acquaintance with police courts on more serious charges; for how, pray, is a nimble-fingered lad to earn his living in a strange land, when he understands no trade or handicraft, and when the very sight of his yellow face and shambling walk is sufficient to set all the street boys after him with cries of "Chin Chin, Chinaman, Chop, Chop, Chop"? It is to be feared that not all the coins in little Sun Yen's possession were bestowed on him in charity.

PART IV.

Winter had set in early, and brought hard times for the little Chinese boy, friendless in the great city; friendless, but not now unattached. He had discovered a trade not altogether dissimilar from that which he had plied under

sunny skies in Torres Straits. But the masters for whom he now worked were keener witted than Motu of old. There remained few pickings for himself, and the human oyster was more difficult to manipulate than the harmless bivalve of past years. He had developed a hacking cough too, from sleeping in damp cellars and draughty doorways, and it was only rarely now that he could drag his weary footsteps to the jewel dealer's shop, where the pearl cross still kept its place, a source of wondering curiosity to numbers. A fine gold ring had been fitted to the head of the cross, so that it could be worn as a pendant; but the price demanded was too high for it to be readily purchased.

One bitterly cold December afternoon Sun Yen stole forth to make trial of the possible warmth of a coffee woman's stall. But the coffee women were all churlish; the cold had affected their tempers, or perhaps Sun Yen's appearance was too disreputable for their customers. A Salvation Army attracted him for a few minutes; then he wandered off into a side street and sat down on the doorstep. It was a narrow three-storied house, with high wire blinds shading the windows, and the doorstep and bell-pull were spotless; features which distinguished it from all its neighbors, though this was emphatically a "respectable" street. Snow was beginning to fall, and the boy nestled back under the shelter of the doorway. Once a half tipsy man reeling past flung him a penny, but, faint though he was, he had not the energy to rise and find it. By-and-by he dozed off, awakened now and again by his cough. How long he had slept he did not know, when he was roused by a brilliant light shining round him. He felt himself gently raised, and lifted on to a soft resting-place, while someone bending over him poured a deliciously tasting drink into his mouth, which sent a pleasant glow

of warmth through his body. It reminded him of his opium dreams; alas, it was long since he had enjoyed them!

By-and-by he opened his eyes. A tall, slight woman with bright hair was standing by him, and there were others in the room, plainly clad, but with sweet low voices, with whom she spoke. It was a small room, with a shabby carpet on the floor, bookcases covered the walls, and tea was set out on a little table near a bright fire. Sun Yen Joy supposed himself, by some enchantment, transported within a palace; and perceiving that the attention of the women was directed towards himself, his native modesty impelled him to scramble hastily off the sofa and make for the door before any one perceived his intentions.

"Catch him, Margery!" called someone, and the bright-haired lady intercepted him and brought him up on the threshold. Thereupon began a series of interrogations. Sun Yen Joy was accustomed to cross-examination by this time, and usually came through the ordeal with flying colors; but these women were worse than any magistrate's bench or police court. One, she of the bright hair, had a distracting way of looking at him which made his little heart, shaped, strange to say, much like a white child's, beat oddly. Once she touched his cheek. The end of it all was, that Sun Yen Joy, who had visited three continents, alone and unaided, broke down and cried like a mere English baby, with his little shaven poll on the knee of the Hon. Margery Willingford, Secretary of the Woman's Social Settlement for working among the poor of St. Mary Axe. But that was after he was washed and clothed.

So was inaugurated the connection of Sun Yen Joy with the ladies of the Settlement. He was a nine days' wonder among them, for as he recovered his spirits, the astute instinct, never

wanting in an Asiatic, showed him that he could not do better than publish his wanderings and his quest, a special edition, of course, suited to the society in which he unexpectedly found himself placed. And the ladies of the Settlement neither altogether believed nor entirely distrusted his tales; strange things occurred daily in the district where they worked. They discovered hitherto unsuspected talents in Sun Yen Joy, and under their training his deft fingers found employment in the kitchen, and as little page boy to the establishment, where he made acquaintance with the spirits that run along wires and ring bells. It was a wonderful life, full of surprises to be accepted with an outward imperturbability which formed the despair of his earliest and staunchest friend, Margery Wallingford. "Do what I will, I cannot understand what goes on inside that little round pate," she would complain. Could she have known whither the page boy went each night, she would have felt still more bewildered.

Abraham Levy, passing out of his shop one evening before closing time, stumbled over a stubby youth staring in at the window, with a lighted match held in either hand. He roughly ordered him off, but did not recognize, in the neatly clad figure, the ragged Chinese boy who used to prowl about the premises months before. The lad went away, but returned in a few moments and took up his former position. By-and-by a gentleman entered the shop. Sun Yen, peeping through the door, saw many cases of jewels brought out and examined. Then the manager stepped to the window and lifted out the pearl cross. A long conversation ensued, and the cross was placed in a leather case, which the gentleman himself packed and sealed, writing some words on the inner covering.

The cross was sold. It was again to be snatched from his view, and the temple

of his nightly worship would become as other shops, merely glittering with jewels and electric light.

Sun Yen Joy was sure in his heart that his faithful worship of the talisman had brought him his present good fortune; now it was to be snatched away, and with it his prosperity would depart. It was a very sorrowful and distracted little Celestial that returned to the Settlement that night, and his numerous mistakes would assuredly have drawn reproof on his head had it not been for the state of excitement into which the ladies of the Settlement had been plunged by news received that evening. Margery Wallingford had been spending some weeks at home, and it was a letter from her which was being read over afternoon tea, the one leisurely meal of the day.

"Margery is the last person of whom I should have expected it," said one.

"Why not? You must remember that half of her has always belonged to the social world through her parents," urged another.

"But Captain Marjoribanks! What can she find in him? He is just a handsome good-humored young giant, not a bit intellectual, nor in the least interested in her views. I can't think how it all came about."

Margery herself would have found some difficulty in explaining; for in truth it had been as commonplace a falling in love as though the Hon. Margery Wallingford had not horrified her mother by "going in for slumming and making herself so odd at that horrid Settlement." Captain Marjoribanks was in every respect, so Lady Wallingford argued, an eligible match, and his money would be most convenient for settling the boys at college. Charity should certainly begin at home. Lady Wallingford would never have dreamt of match-making for her elder daughter, having long since regarded her as a failure, in a social sense, of course.

She was a good enough daughter, and her father was ridiculously fond of her. But such good fortune as this was more than the mother's most sanguine hopes could have anticipated. All of which Margery knew; knew, too, that Captain Marjoribanks would have proposed long ago, had she allowed him the chance. He was the more eager now for her answer.

"I won't stand in the way of your work," he had urged. "As my wife you might be able to do still more, for there is a good bit of money, and it would be yours to please yourself with. I am only an ordinary kind of fellow, and no good at that sort of thing; but I'd give you a free hand, and sometimes a man can make things easier, you know."

Could the ladies of the Settlement have heard how all this was said perhaps they would have wondered less at Margery's reply. Having once given it she opened her heart to her lover, and spoke of the hopes and ideals that filled her life with an abandon that comes to the habitually reticent in the great crises of life. Afterwards she shrank aghast, remembering how she had laid bare her innermost feelings. Had he understood? If not, then indeed she had made a mistake, albeit one over which all her kinsfolk rejoiced. She returned to the Settlement, feverishly anxious to bury herself in work, and systematically avoided discussing her engagement.

PART V.

Sun Yen Joy continued to go about his work sadly. He brought up raw eggs for breakfast, put milk into the teapot, and burnt the toast to a cinder. Moreover, he allowed the postman to knock three times before he awoke out of his reverie and answered the door.

Sun Yen Joy believed in miracles. A miracle had been wrought on his be-

half! There in the postman's hand, a few hours after he had seen it sold in Levy's shop, was the very parcel he had watched made up by Levy. It was registered and addressed to his bright-haired lady, as he called Miss Wallingford, but as she was out the housekeeper, an officious and altogether objectionable person, signed the receipt and laid the parcel on the sitting-room table.

Sun Yen Joy slipped in and stood gazing earnestly at it. There could be no doubt on the point. The aim of all his wanderings lay here, separated from him only by a few folds of paper blurred with wax. It belonged to him, but of course no one would believe that. The bright-haired one had been kind to him, but she could not possibly want it as much as he did. She had a Joss of her very own; not so good, of course, but then rich folk did not need great protection. Half an hour later the housekeeper found Sun Yen Joy rocking himself to and fro with every appearance of acute agony. She suspected unripe apples, and hinted darkly at certain powders; but Sun Yen protested fervently that "his stomach was very happy." In truth, neither he or she comprehended that he had just been through a psychological crisis.

It was unfortunate that Captain Marjoribanks, exploring hitherto unknown regions, should catch sight of Margery leaving a house pursued by the strident voice of a virago. What was worse, she herself seemed quite accustomed to such encounters. He had not realized this aspect of her work, was indeed too ignorant of what lay outside his own world to speculate on what her "Settlement life" meant. The knowledge came to him with a rude shock. It was intolerable! Money, of course, she should have, but he could not have her exposing herself to insults. He spoke sharply, unable to control his distress, and she, suffering reaction from

her former confidence in him, responded irritably.

"It is no use to talk about it. You do not understand," she said at last as she left him, and retraced her steps to the Settlement, tired and dispirited. The sight of the registered parcel momentarily restored her spirits. No woman, be she ever so absorbed in philanthropy, remains altogether indifferent to personal attentions from the other sex. So he had been thinking of her and planning to give her pleasure. She took the parcel to her room and undid the fastening. A small leather jeweler's case was within, and on it was laid a slip of paper with the words: "In memory of our compact." How unjust, how wicked she had been! She pressed the spring with a beating heart. Then the indignant blood rushed hotly to her face, to fade, leaving her strangely pale. There, coiled on the velvet lining, lay a very fine chain, apparently of gold, and from it hung—a common gilt medal of the King and Queen.

It was part of the good luck Sun Yen Joy's talisman brought him that his bright-haired lady stayed on at the Settlement. Sometimes he thought she looked paler than she used to look, but she had never before been so kind. It was odd that more than once, when she had spoken gently to him, he had been seized with a sudden pain, obliging him to rush away and bury himself in his little attic.

Months slipped by, and once more winter was approaching. A great war was still raging, bringing sadness into many a home. It was whispered in the Settlement that Captain Marjoribanks was serving, but no one ventured to mention his name aloud; for by this time it was known that his engagement with Margery Wallingford had been broken off. "It was not to be wondered at. They had nothing in common," was the general verdict.

Little Sun Yen knew nothing of Cap-

tain Marjoribanks or of the war. His life stream had flown into peaceful channels; but, alas! it was approaching the mighty ocean. Already the distant boom of the waves on the other shore echoed in his ears when he lay down at night, in the intervals of the cough now grown so persistent.

He did no housework, and there was a fire in the tiny room where the bright-haired lady with the sad eyes came to see him every day. It was an odd little room, fitted with various contrivances of Sun Joy's making, and opposite his bed stood an upright box or low cupboard which was always locked. The key was under Sun Joy's pillow, and he was fingering it now with hands that trembled oddly. Twice he had tried to rise from bed, but Motu stood beside him with a knife in his hand; and there were others—the room was full of them. They were trying to get his key, but they must not have it. It was for the bright-haired lady now. For Sun Yen Joy lay a-dying.

Margery Wallingford was summoned to his side to hear his pitiful little confession; when it was ended at his request she took the key from his icy fingers and opened the cupboard door. A strange sight met her eye, a sight that made her feel more than ever how little she had known of the thoughts lurking behind that little parchment-covered pate. The box contained a tiny altar-like stand, over which was spread a strip of red silk. Margery remembered missing just that identical piece from a banner she was working for the school. On it were arranged two vases made of carefully-trimmed

Temple Bar.

egg-shells filled with paper flowers. Scented tapers such as are used in sick rooms stood in front; in the centre was a tiny roughly-formed cross of—glass beads, were they? Margery stooped, and caught her breath in wonder. Now she began to understand. They were the pearls of which the boy had spoken; the marvellous pearl cross that Lionel Marjoribanks had sent her in token that "he understood."

"Him welly good Joss," murmured little Sun Yen Joy. "Him bring plenty good luck."

Three Christmases had come and gone since that glorious dawn broke over Torres Strait when the cruciform pearl, first drawn from its ocean bed, began its chequered career. Another Christmas morning dawned, cold and gray, over a little northern island, fairer in the love of its people than all the palm-fringed isles of Southern Seas. A man and woman were standing in the Chapel of the Settlement at St. Mary Axe, and in their clasped hands lay the pearl cross. "Let us sell it," she said, "and give the money to the poor, for after what has been I could not bear to wear it." And then they wandered on and stood beneath a little brass tablet.

"Read it, Margery," said the man; and she read:—

Sacred to the Memory of
SUN YEN JOY,
Who passed away December 25, 1901.

"Whom ye ignorantly worship: Him declare I unto you."

Ethel M. Nall.

BUSHIDO, THE JAPANESE ETHICAL CODE.

In the past, as in the present, the wise men of the East have been renowned for the deepness of their thought and the profundity of their vision, and times without number great reforms and great truths have arisen from the East for the enlightenment of the West, so that in this late day of the world it would be false modesty to have a prejudice against taking advantage of anything that the concentrated moral essence of the thoughts of the Buddhist priests and Chinese sages of countless generations may have to offer us. For Japan, though considered certainly a non-Christian country, is admittedly the receptacle of the finest thoughts and teachings of China and India, filtered into it through Korea. At a time when Japan is perhaps holding the balance of power in the hollow of her hand in the Far East, it is a relief and very interesting to discover upon what firm and admirable foundations her moral and ethical character—the actuating motive of all actions—lies. Japan possesses in *Bushido* a system of ethical training, the very existence of which during so many centuries should give one confidence in the present Japanese character.

The one real drawback that *Bushido* does present is the non-existence of suitable text-books to enable one to find out what it is; to see what it contains, and how it is taught. This objection may be met, however, to a very great extent by reference to an excellent book on the subject from the pen of Professor Inazo Nitobe, a well-known Japanese scholar and writer. With the help of this a very clear idea may be gained of what is taught in the Japanese schools, and how the code of *Bushido* came into existence. Before

dealing with this in detail, I cannot do better than quote here the full text of the famous speech on education by the Japanese Emperor, which is read regularly in all the schools of Japan. When the deep influence of the Emperor over his people is remembered, an influence which the whole system of ancestor-worship forces upon them, it will be more clearly understood how powerful is the advice contained therein, and what a sanction and force it gives to *Bushido*. The speech runs thus:

The Founder of our Imperial House and our other Imperial Ancestors laid the foundations of our Empire on a grand and everlasting basis, and deeply implanted the virtues to be ever cherished.

The goodness of our subjects, displayed generation after generation in loyalty and piety and in harmonious co-operation, constitutes the fundamental character of our country, and from this the principles of education for our subjects have been derived.

Do you, our subjects, be filial to your parents, kind to your brothers, harmonious in your relations as husbands and wives, and faithful to your friends; let your conduct be courteous and frugal, and love others as yourselves, attend to your studies and practise your respective callings; cultivate your intellectual faculties and train your moral feelings; foster the public weal and promote the interests of society; ever render strict obedience to the Constitution and to all the laws of your Empire; display your public spirit and your courage on behalf of our country whenever required, and thereby give us your support in promoting and maintaining the honor and prosperity of our Empire, which is coeval with the heavens and the earth.

Such conduct on your part will not only be what is fitting in our good and loyal subjects, but will also suffice to make manifest the customs and man-

ners bequeathed to you by your Ancestors.

These instructions, bequeathed to us by our Imperial Ancestors, to indicate the course of conduct which we and our subjects are bound to pursue, have been of unfailing validity in all ages past, as in the present, and in all countries whatever.

Consequently we trust that neither we nor our subjects shall at any time fail to observe faithfully these sacred principles.

This speech covers a wide field, and, stripped, perhaps of its appendages of ancestor-worship, would not come amiss from the King of England or his Government. The precepts contained in the Imperial speech are drawn from the moral code, spoken of before, which is known in Japan as *Bushido*. This means literally military—knight—ways, or, as we might interpret it, "Precepts of Knighthood," the "noblesse oblige" of chivalry. In short it was a collection of the precepts which the fighting nobles, or *samurai*, should observe in their daily life, as well as in their vocation as warriors. But it must not be imagined that *Bushido* means simply the old knightly code of European and Japanese chivalry. It is far more than this, and may be described as the Japanese term for what the Christian nations would call the infinite Truth. It is the crystallization of the moral precepts which are inculcated by all religious teachings. *Bushido* is the "Soul of Japan," productive of and animating all the forms and expressions of Japanese religions. Whatever be the diversity of sect, a common meeting-ground is found in *Bushido*, since it is simply the fundamental vitality, untrammelled by dogma, from which all the moral part of religion, as distinct from the belief in the divine, has sprung. It teaches the elements of all true virtue, how to be upright in every thought and action, ethically and morally. To turn

now to Professor Nitobe's book for a definite description of *Bushido*. He says:

Bushido is the code of moral principles which the knights were required or instructed to observe. It is not a written code; at best it consists of a few maxims handed down from mouth to mouth or coming from the pen of some well-known warrior or savant. More frequently it is a code unwritten and unuttered, possessing all the more the powerful sanction of veritable deed, and of a law written on the fleshly tablets of the heart. It was founded, not on the creation of one brain, however able, or on the life of a single personage, however renowned. It was an organic growth of decades and centuries of military career. It, perhaps, fills the same position in the history of ethics that the English Constitution does in political history; yet it has had nothing to compare with the Magna Charta or the Habeas Corpus Act. True, early in the seventeenth century Military Statutes (*Buke Hatto*) were promulgated; but their thirteen short articles were taken up mostly with marriages, castles, leagues, etc., and didactic regulations were but meagrely touched upon. We cannot, therefore, point out any definite time and place, and say, "Here is its fountain-head." Only as it attains consciousness in the feudal age, its origin in respect to time, it may be identified with feudalism. But feudalism itself is woven of many threads, and *Bushido* shares its intimate nature.

With the feudal age was developed the fighting class, known as *samurai*, meaning literally, like the old English word *cniht* (knecht, knight), guards or attendants. Originally of very rough breed, these *samurai* were a privileged class, and came gradually to great honor and privileges. Their increased responsibilities forced upon them the necessity of a common standard of behavior, a need accentuated by the state of feud constantly to be found between

the various clans. To quote Dr. Nitobe again:

Fair play in fight! what fertile germs of morality lie in this primitive sense of savagery and childhood. Is it not the root of all civic and military virtues? We smile (as if we had outgrown it) at the boyish desire of the small Britisher, Tom Brown, "to leave behind him the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy or turned his back on a big one." And yet who does not know that this desire is the cornerstone on which moral structures of mighty dimensions can be reared? May I not even go as far as to say that the gentlest and most peace-loving of religions endorses this aspiration? This desire of Tom's is the basis on which the greatness of England is largely built, and it will not take us long to discover that *Bushido* does not stand on a lower pedestal.

It may be as well before dealing with its chief points to glance more closely at the origins and sources of *Bushido*. Firstly, there was *Buddhism*, which supplied a sentiment of calm trust in Fate, a quiet submission to the inevitable, a stoical composure in sight of danger and calamity, a disdain of life, and friendliness with death. Secondly, came *Shintoism*, which supplied many of the elements lacking in the Buddhist teaching. It was *Shintoism* which inculcated loyalty to the Sovereign, reverence for ancestral memory, and filial piety—to a greater degree than these are found in any other creed. It is interesting to note in this connection that in the Shinto Temples the place of honor is given to a plain mirror, before which the worshippers kneel, seeing their own images reflected in the shining surface. The act of worship in these temples is tantamount to the old Delphic injunction "know thyself." To the warriors then, and to the Japanese people now, *Shintoism* is a call to regard their country as "more than land and soil from

which to mine gold or to reap grain—it is the sacred abode of the gods, the spirits of our forefathers: to us the Emperor is the bodily representative of heaven on earth, blending in his person its power and its mercy."

Besides these two important sources of *Bushido* it must be remembered that the writings of Confucius and Mencius formed the principal text-books of the youths of Japan. These two thinkers supplied the chief part of the strictly ethical doctrines of *Bushido*. The five moral relations enunciated by Confucius were well suited to the *samurai*.

So much for the sources of the code; the essential principles which *Bushido* drew from them and from which it formed itself were few and simple. Foremost in the list comes Rectitude, or Justice, which was by far the most weighty precept in the *samurai's* code. Underhand dealings and crooked paths were abhorrent to his mind—he was essentially no diplomat, as diplomacy is now understood. The two following definitions by well-known *samurai* throw light upon what these knights understood by this precept:

Rectitude is the power of deciding upon a certain course of conduct in accordance with reason, without wavering; to die when it is right to die, to strike when to strike is right.

Rectitude is the bone that gives firmness and stature. As without bones the head cannot rest on the top of the spine, nor hands move, nor feet stand: so without Rectitude neither talent nor learning can make of a human frame a *samurai*. With it the lack of accomplishments is as nothing.

Even to the very last day of Feudalism the title of *Gishi* (a man of rectitude) was considered superior to any other title.

Differing slightly from Rectitude was *Giri*, literally Right Reason, which came to mean the duty one owes to

parents, superiors, to inferiors, to society at large, and so on. Filial piety was one of the most striking instances of *Giri*.

We come now to Courage, which however was scarcely considered worthy to rank as a virtue, unless it was employed in the cause of righteousness. Confucius defines Courage by explaining in his usual negative way what it is not. "Perceiving what is right, and doing it not, argues lack of courage." A strong distinction was made between mere physical and moral courage. A *samurai* Prince said once, "To rush into the thick of battle and be slain in it, is easy enough, and the merest churl is equal to the task; but it is true courage to live when it is right to live, and to die only when it is right to die." "Great Valor" in Japan meant moral courage, and the title of "The courage of a villein" was bestowed upon mere physical bravery. All the children of *samurai* were brought up in a most Spartan-like manner, and thus there was no need of a special teaching of physical courage and endurance.

Following Courage comes Benevolence and the feeling of Piety. Love, Magnanimity, Affection for others, Sympathy and Mercy were always recognized by the *samurai* as supreme virtues, the highest of all the attributes of the human soul. Even in the rough fighting days of Feudalism mercy was not too rare. *Bushi no nasake*—the tenderness of a warrior—was considered superior to ordinary tenderness or mercy, since it implied mercy where it recognized due regard to justice also. The young *samurai* were taught to practise music and to make poetry—not the music of trumpet or of drum, but the soft melody of stringed instruments, while the verses of the warriors dealt with the beauties of nature or the singing of birds, rather than of battle or of death. Professor Nitobe says of this:

What Christianity has done in Europe towards arousing compassion in the midst of belligerent horrors, love of music and letters has done in Japan. The cultivation of tender feelings breeds considerate regard for the sufferings of others.

Politeness and respect for the feelings of others were insisted upon by all the followers of *Bushido*, although they were not considered as being in the front rank of virtues. Dr. Nitobe says of them:

Politeness is a poor virtue if it is actuated only by a fear of offending good taste, whereas it should be the outward manifestation of a sympathetic regard for the feelings of others. It also implies a due regard for the fitness of things, therefore due respect to social positions; for these latter express no plutocratic distinctions, but were originally distinctions for actual merit. In its highest form politeness almost approaches love.

This teaching of politeness caused a very elaborate system of ceremonial usage to spring up. Table manners have grown to be a science. Tea drinking and serving have been raised to a ceremony. To quote again:

I have heard slighting remarks made by Europeans upon our elaborate discipline of politeness. It has been criticized as absorbing too much of our thought, and so a folly to observe strict obedience to it. I admit that there may be unnecessary niceties in ceremonious etiquette, but whether it partakes as much of folly as the adherence to ever changing fashions in the West is a question not very clear in my mind.

Politeness, as such, is a great acquisition, even although it should go no further than to impart grace to manners. But *Bushido* teaches that politeness and propriety mean much more than this. Springing from motives of benevolence and modesty, and actuated by tender feelings toward the sensibili-

ities of others, it is ever a graceful expression of sympathy. It causes its believers to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. But it was also recognized that politeness might be carried too far and become a farce. "Propriety," says Masamune, "carried beyond right bounds becomes a lie."

And so *Bushido* brought into great prominence the value of *Veracity* or *Truthfulness*. What teaching could be more fine than that of the old poet of Japan, who said: "To thyself be faithful; if in thy heart thou strayest not from truth, without prayer of thine, the gods will keep thee whole."

Lying or equivocation were deemed equally cowardly. The *Bushi* held that his high social position demanded a loftier standard of veracity than that of the tradesman and peasant. *Bushi-no-ichigon*—the word of a *samurai*—was sufficient guarantee of the truthfulness of an assertion. His word carried such weight with it that promises were generally made and fulfilled without a written pledge; which would have been considered quite beneath his dignity. The regard for veracity was so high that, unlike the generality of Christians who persistently violate the plain command of their teacher not to swear, the best *samurai* looked upon an oath as derogatory to their honor.

It is interesting to find that there was not any command against bearing false witness, neither was lying condemned as sin; it was simply denounced as dishonorable. And honor was one of the great virtues of a *samurai*, if not the very greatest.

A good name being assumed as a matter of course, any stain upon its integrity was felt as shame, and the sense of shame (*Ren chi shin*) was one of the earliest to be cherished in juvenile education. "You will be laughed at," "It will disgrace you," "Are you not ashamed?" were the last appeals to be made to correct the behavior on

the part of the youthful delinquent. Such an appeal to his honor touched the most sensitive spot in the child's heart, as though it had been nursed in honor in its mother's womb. Indeed, the sense of shame seems to be the earliest indication of moral consciousness.

That *samurai* was right who refused to compromise his character by a slight humiliation in his youth; "because," he said, "dishonor is like a scar on a tree, which time instead of effacing only helps to enlarge.

Even to-day in Tokyo it is easy to find poor shopkeepers or milkmen, who still retain all the instincts of the *samurai*, and to whom the refusal of a customer to pay his debts was more completely to be punished by the exposure of his shameful conduct in the public press than by recourse to law.

Centuries before the time of Carlyle, Mencius taught that "Shame is the soil of all virtues, of good manners and good morals."

But *Bushido*, besides establishing a delicate code of honor, prepared also safeguards against too morbid excess in this direction by teaching *Magnanimity* and *Patience*. As the popular saying runs, "To bear what you think you cannot bear, is really to bear. The following few sayings by great *samurai*, or teachers, show clearly enough that while *Bushido* was a code of morals for a warlike race, it in no wise urged them solely towards bloodshed and cruelty. The great Iyiyasu said once, "The life of a man is like the going a long journey with a heavy load on the shoulders. Haste not. Reproach none, but be for ever watchful of thine own shortcomings. Forbearance is the basis of length of days." Mencius was a firm advocate of patience and long-suffering. "Though you denude yourself and insult me," he says, "what is that to me? You cannot defile my soul by your outrage." He also teaches that while indignation for a great cause is righteous wrath, anger at a petty offence is

unworthy of a great man. "When others speak all manner of evil things against thee, return not evil for evil, but reflect rather that thou wast not more faithful in the discharge of thy duties." "When others blame thee, blame them not; when others are angry with thee, return not anger: Joy cometh only as a Passion and Desire part."

Brave words of brave men! For these last two quotations fell from the lips of two of the bravest of all the votaries of *Bushido*, men whose words and deeds are treasured and repeated throughout the length and breadth of Japan to this day. There is no end to the utterances, maxims, and examples which might be quoted here in proof of the fine effect of the teachings of *Bushido* on these once rough warriors and fighters.

Bushido had one point in its teaching for which no sacrifice was held too dear, no life too precious; this was the duty of Loyalty, which was as the keystone of the arch of feudal virtues. The feudal system has passed away from Japan as it has from England, and yet there is no less reverence to the duty of Loyalty in Japan to-day than long ago. As *Bushido* holds that the interests of the family and of its members are one and the same, so it should be with the entire nation. There should be no interests separately for the subjects, or the rulers; all should work for the whole, and merge his or her personal interest in the interests of the whole nation. Thus has *Bushido* made of the Japanese the most patriotic race in the world.

Although at first this code was for the *samurai* only, it filtered down and acted as leaven among the masses, furnishing a moral standard for the whole people. The precepts of knighthood, beginning at first for the glory of the *élite*, became in time an inspiration and an aspiration to the nation

at large; and though the populace cannot attain the height of these loftier souls, yet they can strive for that attainment, and *Yamato Damashi* (the Soul of Japan) ultimately came to express the Volkgeist of the Island Kingdom.

This *Yamato* spirit has for its emblem the wild cherry, the national flower. This cherry is not a cultivated tender plant, but a wild, natural tree, indigenous to the soil of Japan, and so is a fitting symbol of this Soul of Japan.

We must quote Professor Nitobe again to show the influence of *Bushido* in the wonderful growth of Japan in these last three decades.

When we opened the whole country to foreign trade, when we introduced the latest improvements in every department of life, when we began to study Western politics and sciences, our guiding motive was not the development of our physical resources and the increase of wealth; much less was it a blind imitation of Western customs. The sense of honor which cannot bear being looked down upon as an inferior power—that was the strongest of motives. Pecuniary or industrial considerations were awakened later in the process of transformation.

To the would-be disciple of *Bushido* the knowledge of the training of the *samurai* would be indispensable.

The first point to be observed in knightly pedagogics was to build up character, leaving in the shade the subtler faculties of Prudence, Intelligence and Dialectics. We have seen the important part æsthetic accomplishments played in his education. Indispensable as they were to a man of culture, they were accessories rather than essentials of the *samurai* training. Intellectual superiority was of course esteemed; but the word *Chi*, which was employed to denote intellectuality, meant wisdom in the first instance, and placed mere knowledge only in a very

subordinate place. The tripod that supported *Bushido* was said to be *Chi, Jin, Yu*; respectively, Wisdom, Benevolence and Courage. A *samurai* was essentially a man of action. Science was out of the pale of his activity. He took advantage of it in so far as it concerned his profession of arms. Religion and Theology were relegated to the priests; he only concerned himself with them in so far as they helped to nourish courage. Like an English poet the *samurai* believed "'tis not the creed that saves the man, but it is the man that justifies the creed." Philosophy and literature formed the chief part of his intellectual training; but even in the pursuit of these, it was not objective truth that he strove after. Literature was pursued mainly as a pastime, and philosophy as a practical aid in the formation of character, if not for the exposition of some military or political problem.

X From this brief explanation of the subject so lucidly and ably set forth in detail in Professor Nitobe's book, we see that *Bushido* taught Rectitude, Justice, Filial Piety and Duty, Courage, Benevolence and Pity, Politeness and Propriety, Truthfulness and Uprightness, Honor and the Disgrace of dishonorable actions, and the duty of Loyalty to oneself, to one's family and to the nation.

The Monthly Review.

Is not a code to be emulated that, although designed for a warlike class, taught mercy and patience under insult, and drew a strong line between righteous and unrighteous anger? Have not the educational codes of religious morality of the West too often resulted in a teaching of hatred rather than of peace, of honesty because it pays to be honest, of hypocrisy rather than rectitude, of selfishness rather than justice? There are flaws to be found in *Bushido* doubtless, since there is nothing perfect; but the great strength that it has to the thinking mind is that it gets beneath the various creeds and dogmas to the fundamental truths necessary to the building up of fine character. Is it not reasonable to suggest that the nations of the world may look with more equanimity upon the present struggle, knowing that since one at least of the combatants has been reared in an atmosphere charged with the moral ideas of *Bushido*, the horrors of war will wherever possible be mitigated? Is such a nation so likely to abuse the power she possesses as another nation without the same privileges might be?

Alfred Stead.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

The most extravagant opinions have already been expressed concerning the probable effects of the present war upon the inner conditions of Russia. Social-Democrats of different nationalities are represented as having uttered the wildest hopes as to the beneficial political changes which this war is going to confer upon Russia—provided it ends in a crushing victory for Japan. It is represented as "the doom of ab-

solutism," "the beginning of a new era"—not only for Russia, but perhaps also for all civilization. In the London Press world, a few weeks before the war, persons usually well informed in foreign politics confidently predicted (and made, perhaps, the poor Japanese believe it) that the war would be the signal of a general uprising in Russia; that the Russian Government would not dare to move one single soldier

from European Russia from fear of a revolution. I pass under silence some still more extravagant utterances.

All this wild talk is only a symptom of the hatred which Russian absolutism has inspired all over the world, by its brutal opposition, for forty years in succession, to the rising tide of liberty—the result being that now, as in the times of Nicholas I., much of the hatred against the rulers of Russia is transported upon the nation as a whole, or is utilized for that purpose by those who have an interest in it.

The stern reality is, however, that every war is an evil, whatever its issue may be: an evil for the triumphant ones as well as for the defeated; an evil for the bystanders, as well as for the belligerents themselves; and the present war offers no difference from all the others.

Take the Crimean war, which is always represented as having inaugurated an era of reforms in Russia. To say so has become a commonplace; and precisely, therefore, it only means a shallow skimming on the surface of the events. To begin with, the death of Nicholas I. and the advent to the throne of his son Alexander II., who, like his brother Constantine, had received an advanced Liberal education, was an event far more important for the direction of politics in Russia than the fall of Sebastopol. As to serfdom, whatever the outcome of the Crimean war might have been, this institution could not have been retained for another ten years. Numbers of serf-owners were ashamed of it, beginning with Alexander himself, who much before the war had solemnly undertaken to abolish it. Besides, since the revolution of 1848, or, rather, since the *Jacquerie* in Galicia in 1846, the Russian serf-owners lived under a constant fear of a new Pugatchoff uprising; and their fears were fully justified by the ever-increasing numbers of isolated

acts of revolt of their serfs, the murders of landlords (ten to fifteen every year), and the ever-growing seriousness of large peasants' uprisings (from fifteen to fifty every year) which attained a special violence in 1846-1848 and again in 1854-1859.

And, finally, it must not be forgotten that the years 1859-1865 were years of a general revival of Radical thought in Europe.

It was not the Crimean defeat which made Garibaldi and Lincoln the heroes of all Europe and of the British Radicals, and the bold inductive philosophers the leaders of European thought. The Crimean war had only delayed for seven or eight years the coming of this inheritance of 1848. In fact, it was not only serfdom in Russia which was blotted out in those years: slavery disappeared in the United States (1863) and a number of feudal survivals everywhere—in Britain as well. Radical reforms were fought through. And if the Russian reformers succeeded in those years in accomplishing so much, their success was due to an immense extent to the Radical spirit which inspired Europe at that time. Where would we have been if a wave of reaction swept over Europe then, as it is sweeping now?

The same is true of the war of 1870. When that war was over, quite a campaign was begun in Germany in order to prove that the Latin races were dead; that since the very fall of the Roman Empire the Teutons had been the bearers of freedom, while the Latins had always been knaves. I well remember how my brother and myself were exasperated when we saw that even men of science in Germany went on saying that France had never done anything in science: that all real progress was of German origin. It was then that the legend was fabricated, according to which Germany had brought liberty to France. All fairy

tales are born in the same way. Always the same worship of him who has won the battle.

The truth, however, is quite the other way. In 1870 the Empire of Napoleon III. was already on its death-bed. Napoleon knew it perfectly well, and, with the *empire libéral* of Ollivier and the plebiscite, he played his last card; while his wife, Eugénie, saw in "her war against Prussia" the last hope of saving the throne for her son; she had already given up the father. Germans may ignore that, but we who knew the intellectual and revolutionary energy which was at work amidst the Republican young generation and inspired the mass of working men in the chief towns in France, we who saw later on the apathy and the triumphing reaction under MacMahon (the Bourbon restoration failed only because "Henry V." had refused to accept the tricolor flag instead of the white flag of the clerical monarchy), we who know all that cannot but see how much France was thrown *backwards* by that war.

And not only France. All Europe was thrown backwards in all domains of political, social, and scientific thought. The great movement of the International Working Men's Association, of which the most precious feature was the *intellectual* awakening of the working classes, was killed by the war, and German Social-Democracy was but a poor substitute for the great movement. Since the victory of the German military State, Radical thought began to be treated as obsolete all over Europe. Bismarck became, and remains still, the ideal of the statesmen of Europe—and, alas, of Asia too! With Metz at the doors of Paris, representing an immense fortified camp from which half a million of fully-equipped soldiers can be marched upon the capital of France twenty-four hours after the declaration of war (or, maybe, before); with the Triple and the Quadruple al-

liances which followed; under a standing menace of dismemberment—how could France not be paralyzed in her interior development? She had to patch up with Rome, she had to flirt with Alexander III., and she had to live through all those paroxysms of militarism and Cæsarism, which were a direct consequence of the open and secret clauses of the treaty of Frankfurt. Nay, the wave of reaction which rolls now over all Europe, with its glorification of militarism, Imperialism, and international hooliganism, was a necessary sequel to the conditions created by that war.

Such being the case for these two wars, there is still less reason why the present one in the Far East should be a source of good for either side. It has not even the "liberation" touch of the Franco-Italian or the last Turkish war.

To represent the advance of Russia towards the Pacific Ocean as a mere thirst of conquest of its autocrats is pitifully childish. It would be too bad even in a schoolbook, in which all historical events are attributed to the will of the rulers. There is a logic in the excrescence of nations as well as in the growth of continents; and "Calchas" has very well indicated it in his *Fortnightly Review* article, which it is a relief to read amidst the trash that we have been served with lately. Few people in this country know that the Russian occupation of the Amur region and the North-Manchurian littoral was a direct consequence of the Crimean war; but so it was. When the United States had taken a firm footing on the Pacific Ocean, when they had opened Japan to the white race, and the regards of Europe began to be turned that way; when it became known in Siberia that at her very doors there was a river, as large as the Mississippi, flowing into that ocean, and on the shores of which the vine grows, while

immense prairies, capable of feeding millions of settlers, spread on its banks, and remain desert as the Chinese Government prohibits its subjects from settling on the left bank of the Amur—when all this became known, a push of the Russians down that river became unavoidable. However, years might have passed before any move would have been made in that direction, were it not for the Crimean war. It was expected that in the summer of 1854 the allies were going to make a landing in the Sea of Okhotsk and Kamtchatka, to take possession of the Russian ports of Ayan and Petropavlovsk. Thereupon, Muravioff, the Governor General of East Siberia, undertook to garrison these two ports from Siberia, and in the spring of 1854 he boldly descended, with a flotilla of boats and rafts, the great Chinese river, reached its mouth, and sent therefrom small garrisons to the said ports. More reinforcements were brought in the same way next year. The mouth of the Amur, as well as the De Castries Bay, were hurriedly fortified and garrisoned; and when the Anglo-French forces landed at Petropavlovsk in 1854, and next year in the De Castries Bay, they were repulsed. It was thus the Crimean war which induced the Russians to move from their Transbalkanian arid steppes down the Amur. Now that this river has been used for two years in succession as a highroad to the Pacific, and the Chinese made no objection, Muravioff made a diplomatic effort to secure from China the immense stretches of uninhabited fertile lands on the left bank of the Amur and the Pacific littoral, with its harbors, which remained in fact nobody's land. This he obtained without firing a single shot—with no support from St. Petersburg—against the will of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy.¹ Next year this acquisi-

tion was confirmed by a formal treaty—the war waged by the English and the French against China in 1857 inducing the Chinese mandarins to grant these territories to their northern neighbor.

The remainder had necessarily to follow. When the Siberian railway had been built as far as Irkutsk, its continuation towards the ocean was unavoidable. But, as I wrote already fifteen years ago, to begin building a railway along the left bank of the Amur, down to Khabarovsk, as it was proposed to do, would have been a sheer folly. The first 500 miles below Sryétensk (its present terminus) and the last 250 miles above Khabarovsk, as well as the three miles' long bridge across the Amur at this last spot, would have cost simply foolish sums, squandered to no purpose, because these stretches of land are bound to remain uninhabited. The only two possible ways of reaching the ocean from Irkutsk are, either across Mongolia, *viâ* Urga, or across Manchuria, *viâ* Harbin; and this last was done, evidently with the consent of the great Powers of Europe.

Looking now upon all these events, I cannot but say that it was a misfortune for the Russian nation that no other civilized nation had taken possession of Northern Manchuria. The whole history of that part of the world would have taken another turn if, let us say, the United States had got the hold of this territory. The colonization of the Amur and that railway across Manchuria have cost immensely to the Russian people; but this territory will never be Russian. It will be invaded very soon by Chinese, Korean, and Japanese settlers, while Russian settlers will never feel at home in that region of monsoons. More than that. Even as a protection against a possible march of the Yellow race against Europe, Manchuria would be of no

¹ How the occupation of the Amur was opposed at St. Petersburg is best seen from the

numerous letters of Muravioff published in 1891, in his biography.

avail. This is why, before the present war broke out, so many Russians advocated that the Manchurian Railway, or, at least, its southern portion to Port Arthur, should be sold to China—a solution which might have been possible then, but now that floods of blood are going to be shed there would be impossible.

Considering now the Japanese advance it is only natural that this laborious nation should try to find new outlets on the mainland of Asia for its rapidly growing, and already dense, population, which was 44,260,000 in 1899, and must be now 46,500,000, the average density in different provinces being from 220 to 475 inhabitants per square mile. And as the Japanese have succeeded so well in maintaining such a dense population in relative well being on their limited territory, Asia would only win if they further spread their civilization on the mainland.

Unfortunately, this rural "pre-iron-clad" civilization of the Japanese is rapidly going away, and what the Japanese are bringing now is but an imitation of the European civilization, and that not in its best forms. Already, in 1891, Rathgen mentioned the abominable exploitation of women and children in the Japanese factories, which were working for export. Instead of basing their industrial production chiefly upon the needs of a wealthy agricultural population, as is the case, to a great extent, in France and the United States, Japanese industry was based on the impoverishment of the rural classes and export. Rathgen predicted therefore that Japan was bound to wage war with China, in order to get the markets which her industry did not find at home. The war came, indeed, and only prepared material for new wars. In addition to the Jingoism provoked by military success, came the Jingoism that was bred on purpose by a capitalist Press and the old feudals,

who (as the young Japanese Socialist Party says in its spirited protest against this war and in its letter to the *Daily News*) hope to recover by war their lost influence. We know something of the Johannesburg ways of preparing wars. Another Johannesburg has now grown up, since the Boxer uprising, at Shanghai, and a third is now Tokio with its Anglo-Japanese Press (see Alfred Stead's most interesting quotations from that Press in his *Fortnightly* articles). Of course, we may smile when a Japanese statesman tells us how Japan, marching at the head of the Asiatic league, will defeat the European league in the plains of Siberia, but things become quite serious when we are told by English friends of the Japanese that it is not at all Korea that the Japanese want—that it is Peking. Not at all more room for their population, which, without any war, would have permeated Korea, Manchuria, and the Russian Maritime province, but the military lead of China.

To pretend that a war inspired by such motives is going to be a boon for Russia is simply a remainder of that faith—the faith of all workings—according to which Providence will always arrange everything for the good of the nations, especially the most docile ones. Far from sharing such a faith, I maintain that the revolutionary movement in Russia, forty years old by this time, is now in such a good way that it does not require the aid of Japanese torpedoes in order to achieve its aims. Far from aiding this movement, the war will only retard it and divert it from the great issues at stake.

Great economical and political problems, such as the general impoverishment of the rural population of Central Russia, the industrial laborers' question, and the necessity of a federal organization for the Russian nation, have imperatively come to the front. At the same time, the impossibility of fur-

ther maintaining the absolute rule has become evident, even to the rulers themselves. Even members of the Imperial family, even M. Plehve, recognize that. Plehve has put ten years, the others five years, as the utmost time-limit for absolutism. War or no war, the absolute rule had to disappear. Under such circumstances, what can the war do but to impose new incredible sufferings upon the Russian nation and to postpone the solution of the great problems just named, to put an end to the great and broad popular agitation, and to reduce the little agitation that will be possible in war time to minor issues? And if the war takes such a turn that Russia has to face great disasters, like that of Plevna, nearer to home than the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, then we shall see patriotism taking the same turn as it took in 1877 and 1878.

The Speaker.

Moreover, if we know where this war began we do not know where it will stop. Many agencies were at work to prepare it, while the Balkan peninsula was going to begin a new liberation war. But if the peninsula is set ablaze next spring, where will the war in the Near East find its solution? In the vicinity of the Dardanelles? or, maybe, in the Black Sea? How many years will it last? It is all right for dreamers to predict that dear old Providence will turn everything to the best, and send, in the end, all sorts of blessings upon the heedless European nations. . . . We cannot indulge in such dreams. More than any other war, this one, which represents the letting loose of the worst capitalistic instincts, is a calamity, which every thinking man ought to combat with all his energy.

P. Kropotkin.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The autobiography of Professor Campbell Fraser, which is to be issued soon, is likely to be enriched by considerable interesting gossip about conspicuous figures in the Victorian era. Professor Fraser was well acquainted with Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and many others.

A new series of books of classical repute comprising rare volumes of which no cheap editions exist, is announced in London under the editorial charge of Mr. Sydney Lee, who will introduce each volume with a short biographical and bibliographical note. The price will be low and the text unabridged, and the general title will be "Methuen's Universal Library."

A new library of reprints "for collectors and book lovers" is announced in London under the title "The Saracen's Head Library." It is to open with a series of old books of exploration called "The Mary Kingsley Travel Books" containing "The Golden Trade" by Richard Jobson (1623), "Coryat's Crudities" by Thomas Coryat (1611), and others.

The English public is getting some amusement out of the fiscal campaign, and as a contribution to the humorous aspects of the question a London house has published "John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland," which is a close imitation of "Alice in Wonderland," both in story and in illustration. The fiscal tournament ends in

the complete discomfiture of the Mad Hatter (Mr. Chamberlain) who in the character of the knave of spades is then put on trial for stealing leaves.

The Academy rejoices over the probability of seeing an adequate Shakespeare memorial in London. The question of the memorial is under the consideration of the London County Council and has been the object for some time past of the London Shakespeare Commemoration League. The site suggested is a portion of the ground now being cleared between the houses of Parliament and Lambeth Bridge. The Academy hopes that the memorial will not be a statue, or, as has been suggested, a Shakespeare school of dramatic art. What is wanted, it thinks, is a thoroughly practical institution in connection with Shakespearian study and Elizabethan London, which suggests a library, a museum of relics, books, maps, etc., of Elizabethan London; a portrait gallery of Shakespearian actors, critics and commentators, and a lecture and reading room.

Halliwell Sutcliffe has achieved an uncommonly successful blending of pastoral, essay and romance in the volume which he names "A Bachelor in Arcady." Its Arcady is a Yorkshire Arcady and the Bachelor a Cambridge Bachelor; a squire, rector and arch-deacon figure in characteristic rôles; the prettiest of its prose idylls is in praise of an English maid; and through all its whimsical musings on meadow, lane, stream, highway and tavern there is the mellow charm which an assured civilization gives even to its rustic scenes. But Tom Lad, the gardener, might be a genuine Yankee "hired man," and the chapter rehearsing his exploits and his master's with the scythe is one of the most diverting in the book. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

In "The Rainbow Chasers" Little,

Brown & Co. add another to their noticeable list of novels dealing with pioneer conditions in the West. The plot opens in the little settlement about an Arkansas sawmill, but an act of violence committed there sends the hero fleeing to the lawless lands of the Indian Territory, from which he reappears, years later, to begin life under a new name in Western Kansas, where his personal fortunes run parallel with the rise and collapse of a real-estate boom. The author, John H. Whitson, writes as from first-hand knowledge of the various scenes he describes, and has more than average skill in making them real to the reader; his plot is full of picturesque incident, and his central character is remarkably well handled.

The effects in William H. Rideing's new novel, "How Tyson Came Home," are produced by a succession of contrasts—contrast between its hero, the buoyant, generous, large-hearted but uncouth Californian, returning as on pilgrimage to the England he had left when but a lad, and the worldly-wise, cynical, sordid set of English folk who crowd about him to exploit his fortune; contrast between slangy, hearty Nora Plant, his partner's daughter and his own good comrade with saddle and gun, and Mary Leigh, the quiet, well-poised Gorton girl whose acquaintance he makes under the chaperonage of her uncle, the Bishop; contrast between the strenuous life at the "Queen of Sheba" mine, and the elaborate round of artificial pleasures at Lady Cheam's villa on the Isle of Wight—in fine, the whole contrast between a young and an old social order. The plot, which seems simple enough at the outset, develops unexpected complications, and the interest is sustained throughout. Mr. Rideing's colors are laid on too thickly, but many will find the picture that he paints suggestive. John Lane.

TO MY BELOVED.

When thou art glad, Beloved!
 When youth has flung life's roses on
 thy way,
 And April skies are blue, I would be
 near
 To do thy will, surround thee day by
 day
 With Love; I would not have thee fear
 Because the rose may fade, but I would
 make
 Each hour a little brighter for Love's
 sake
 When thou art glad!

When thou art sad, Beloved!
 When dark across thy pathway glooms
 the night
 Of pain or sorrow, mine would be the
 part
 To show thee all the deep, unspoken
 might
 Of sympathy divine, until thy heart,
 Love-healed, forgot its burden and its
 pain;
 So would I bring thee gladness once
 again
 When thou art sad!

When thou art old, Beloved!
 When falls the snow of winter on thy
 hair
 As on the woods when summer days
 are past,
 True Love its dearest message then
 would dare
 To whisper softly to thy heart at last,—
 The years grow old, not Love,—and
 thou wilt be
 For ever young, and sweet, and fair to
 me

When thou art old!

Mary Farrah.

Leisure Hour.

THE SONG IN THE DARK.

My heart looks southward to your win-
 dow:
 Best-belovèd, are you sleeping?
 Would I were there to share your hap-
 py dreams,
 Or give you comfort if your heart is
 weeping.
 Best-belovèd, are you sleeping?

My heart looks southward to your win-
 dow:

Best-belovèd, are you waking?
 Would I were there to watch with you
 till dawn,
 And share your wonder at the morn-
 ing's breaking.
 Best-belovèd, are you waking?

My heart keeps vigil at your window:
 Best-belovèd, are you sleeping?
 Are you waking? Reach from out your
 window:
 And take my heart into your keeping.
 Best-belovèd, are you sleeping?

Ethel Clifford.

The Pilot.

"QUO VADIS, DOMINE?"

Lord, whither goest Thou? I see
 As the years pass Thou still art leading
 me,
 The rustle of Thy robe falls on mine
 ear,
 Thy Voice in hours of gloom speaks
 words of cheer;
 And yet I long to know the way by
 which we go;
 Perplexed, I ask of Thee, "Quo Vadis,
 Domine?"

Lord, whither goest Thou? I feel
 As on my soul Thy tender accents steal,
 That the rough path Thou lead'st me
 must be best,
 The toilsome journey makes the sweet-
 er rest;
 Yet tell me, Lord, I pray, to cheer me
 on my way—
 The goal I fain would see, "Quo Vadis,
 Domine?"

Lord, whither goest Thou? How long
 Before I hear the welcome welcoming
 song

Of those who say, "Thy travelling days
 are o'er,
 The pilgrim's staff is needed now no
 more,"
 When, past all doubt and pain, I ne'er
 shall ask again,
 In sore perplexity, "Quo Vadis,
 Domine?"

A. Freuden Aylward.

Good Words.